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The Bibelot

A Reprint of Poetry and Prose for Book Lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known . . . .

VOLUME I.

Portland, Maine
THOMAS B. MOSHER
Mdcccxcv

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1895

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Vol I
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The Bibelot

To bring together the posies of other men bound by a thread of one's own choosing is the simple plan of the editor of THE BIBELOT.

In this way those exotics of Literature that might not immediately find a way to wider reading, are here reprinted, and, so to speak, resown in fields their authors never knew.

THE BIBELOT does not profess to exploit the new forces and ferment of *fin de siécle* writers; it offers the less accessible 'things that perish never,'—lyrics from Blake, Villon's ballades, Latin Student songs,—Literature once possessed not easily forgotten of men.

Besides this, to more widely extend the love of exquisite literary form, it must be shown by example that choice typography and inexpensiveness need not lie far apart.

That there is the most intimate connection between Literature and the printed page is a truism. And yet nothing on the lines of THE BIBELOT has so far been attempted in a regular monthly issue.

We are, however, at the turn of the tide; already there are signs of better appreciations. The success of a quarterly like *Modern Art*, the demand that has gone out for *The Chap-Book*, the publisher's own experience with his BIBELOT SERIES, all favor the belief that such beautifully gotten up affairs have created a republic of their own.

To this Republic of the book-lover THE BIBELOT is now come.

For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR FEBRUARY:

Ballades from

FRANÇOIS VILLON.

LYRICS
from
WILLIAM BLAKE

"The Angel that presided o'er my birth
Said, 'Little creature formed for joy and mirth,
Go! love without the help of anything on earth.'"

He came to the desert of London town,
Grey miles long;
He wandered up and he wandered down,
Singing a quiet song.

He came to the desert of London town,
Mirk miles broad;
He wandered up and he wandered down,
Ever alone with God.

There were thousands and thousands of human kind
In this desert of brick and stone:
But some were deaf and some were blind,
And he was there alone.

At length the good hour came; he died
As he had lived, alone:
He was not missed from the desert wide,
Perhaps he was found at the Throne.

JAMES THOMSON.

SONG.

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

SONG.

My silks and fine array,
  My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away;
  And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
  When springing buds unfold;
Oh why to him was't given
  Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
  Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
  Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

SONG.

MEMORY, hither come,
And tune your merry notes:
And, while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream
And hear the linnet's song,
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along:
And, when night comes, I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darkened valley
With silent Melancholy.

MAD SONG.

The wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs enfold! . . .
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling birds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
Of pavèd heaven,
With sorrow fraught,
My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of Night,
Make weep the eyes of Day;
They make mad the roaring winds,
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe
After night I do crowd
And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east
From whence comforts have increased;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

THOU fair-haired Angel of the Evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy brilliant torch of love—thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves; and, while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy dew
On every flower that closes its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver.—Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And then the lion glares through the dun forest.
The fleeces of our flocks are covered with
Thy sacred dew: protect with influence!

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

Introduction.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

NIGHT.

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm:
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
  But, if they rush dreadful,
  The angels, most heedful,
  Receive each mild spirit,
  New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold:
  Saying: "Wrath by His meekness,
  And, by His health, sickness,
  Are driven away
  From our immortal day.

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
  For, washed in life's river,
  My bright mane for ever
  Shall shine like the gold,
  As I guard o'er the fold."

INFANT JOY.

"I HAVE no name;
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!
Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE.

INTRODUCTION.

HEAR the voice of the Bard,
Who present, past, and future, sees;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees;

Calling the lapsèd soul,
And weeping in the evening dew;
That might control
The starry pole,
And fallen, fallen light renew!

"O Earth, O Earth, return!
Arise from out the dewy grass!
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumbrous mass.

"Turn away no more;
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore,
Are given thee till the break of day."

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE.

"LOVE seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair."

So sang a little clod of clay,
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

"Love seeketh only *Self* to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite."

THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE TIGER.

(SECOND VERSION.)

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

AH SUNFLOWER.

Ah Sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done:

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go!

A CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

DAYBREAK.

To find the western path,
Right through the gates of wrath
I urge my way;
Sweet morning leads me on;
With soft repentant moan
I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,
Melted by dewy tears,
Exhales on high;
The sun is freed from fears,
And with soft grateful tears
Ascends the sky.

YOUNG LOVE.

Are not the joys of morning sweeter
  Than the joys of night?
And are the vigorous joys of youth
  Ashamèd of the light?

Let age and sickness silent rob
  The vineyard in the night;
But those who burn with vigorous youth
  Pluck fruits before the light.

BARREN BLOSSOM.

I FEARED the fury of my wind
  Would blight all blossoms fair and true,
And my sun it shined and shined,
  And my wind it never blew.

But a blossom fair or true
  Was not found on any tree;
For all blossoms grew and grew
  Fruitless, false, though fair to see.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

AWAKE, awake, my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy.
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
Oh wake! thy father doth thee keep.

"Oh what land is the land of dreams?
What are its mountains and what are its streams?"
"Oh father! I saw my mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair.

"Among the lambs clothèd in white,
She walked with her Thomas in sweet delight.
I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn—
Oh when shall I again return?"

"Dear child! I also by pleasant streams
Have wandered all night in the land of dreams;
But, though calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side."

"Father, O father! what do we here,
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The land of dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star."

DEDICATION OF THE DESIGNS TO BLAIR'S "GRAVE."

To Queen Charlotte.

The door of Death is made of gold,
That mortal eyes cannot behold;
But, when the mortal eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,
The soul awakes; and, wondering, sees
In her mild hand the golden keys:
The grave is heaven's golden gate,
And rich and poor around it wait;
O Shepherdess of England's fold,
Behold this gate of pearl and gold!

To dedicate to England's Queen
The visions that my soul has seen,
And, by her kind permission, bring
What I have borne on solemn wing,
From the vast regions of the grave,
Before her throne my wings I wave;
Bowing before my sovereign's feet,
"The Grave produced these blossoms sweet
In mild repose from earthly strife;
The blossoms of eternal life!"

FOR A PICTURE OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Dedication.

The caverns of the Grave I've seen,
And these I showed to England's Queen;
But now the caves of Hell I view,—
Whom shall I dare to show them to?
What mighty soul in beauty's form
Shall dauntless view the infernal storm?
Egremont's Countess can control
The flames of hell that round me roll.
If she refuse, I still go on,
Till the heavens and earth are gone;
Still admired by noble minds,
Followed by Envy on the winds.
Re-engraved time after time,
Ever in their youthful prime,
My designs unchanged remain;
Time may rage, but rage in vain;
For above Time's troubled fountains,
On the great Atlantic mountains,
In my golden house on high,
There they shine eternally.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

THE Sword sang on the barren heath,
The Sickle in the fruitful field:
The Sword he sang a song of death,
But could not make the Sickle yield.

II.

TO see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

III.

I GIVE you the end of a golden string:
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem wall.

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The Bibelot

THE *Ballades chosen by the editor of* THE BIBELOT *and here set forth are taken from the latest edition of* The Poems of Master François Villon of Paris, *done out of the original French by Mr. John Payne.* (*London: The Villon Society, 1892.*)

The text is, with one exception, reprinted verbatim. And as it is THE BIBELOT'S *object to make known versions not easily accessible, no other source is drawn upon.*

To give a desired ensemble *to these lyrics, preference has been had for those of* The Greater Testament: *there is the purely personal note, the lyric cry in them that makes this poet of* Dead Ladies *not of an age but for all time.*

It is a hope to hearten every lover of Literature that one of the two born

translators now alive,—Algernon Charles Swinburne and Andrew Lang,—may yet achieve that faultless version of Villon, despite the faithful rendering of Mr. John Payne, the world of English letters yet awaits to see.

For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR MARCH:

MEDIÆVAL
Latin
STUDENTS' SONGS

BALLADES

from

FRANÇOIS VILLON

"Bird of the bitter bright grey golden morn
Scarce risen upon the dusk of dolorous years,
First of us all and sweetest singer born
Whose far shrill note the world of new men hears
Cleave the cold shuddering shade as twilight clears;
When song new-born put off the old world's attire
And felt its tune on her changed lips expire,
Writ foremost on the roll of them that came
Fresh girt for service of the latter lyre,
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name!"

In 'The Greater Testament' of Villon, these stanzas immediately precede the incomparable 'Ballade 'Des Dames 'Du Temps Jadis.'

FRAGMENT ON DEATH.

And Paris be it or Helen dying,
Who dies soever, dies with pain.
He that lacks breath and wind for sighing,
His gall bursts on his heart; and then
He sweats, God knows what sweat! again,
No man may ease him of his grief;
Child, brother, sister, none were fain
To bail him thence for his relief.

Death makes him shudder, swoon, wax pale,
Nose bend, veins stretch, and breath surrender,
Neck swell, flesh soften, joints that fail
Crack their strained nerves and arteries slender.
O woman's body found so tender,
Smooth, sweet, so precious in men's eyes,
Must thou too bear such count to render?
Yes; or pass quick into the skies.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LADIES.

I.

TELL me where, in what land of shade,
Bides fair Flora of Rome, and where
Are Thaïs and Archipiade,
Cousins-german of beauty rare,
And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That, when one calls by river-flow
Or marish, answers out of the air?
But what is become of last year's snow?

II.

Where did the learn'd Helosa vade,
For whose sake Abelard might not spare
(Such dole for love on him was laid)
Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
And where is the queen who willed whilere
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
But what is become of last year's snow?

III.

Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
Sweet music as if she a siren were;
Broad-foot Bertha; and Joan the maid,
The good Lorrainer, the English bare

Captive to Rouen and burned her there;
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys,—lo!
Where are they, Virgin debonair?
But what is become of last year's snow?

ENVOI.

Prince, you may question how they fare
This week, or liefer this year, I trow:
Still shall the answer this burden bear,
'But what is become of last year's snow?

BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LORDS.

(FOLLOWING ON THE SAME SUBJECT.)

No. 1.

I.

WHERE is Calixtus, third of the name,
That died in the purple whiles ago,
Four years since he to the tiar came?
And the King of Aragon, Alfonso?
The Duke of Bourbon, sweet of show,
And the Duke Arthur of Brittaine?
And Charles the Seventh, the Good? Heigho!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

II.

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
Was the half of his face (or folk say so),
Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
From chin to forehead all of a glow?
The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
Renowned; and the gentle King of Spain,
Whose name, God 'ield me, I do not know?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

III.

Of many more might I ask the same,
Who are but dust that the breezes blow;
But I desist, for none may claim
To stand against Death, that lays all low,

Yet one more question before I go:
Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine?
And where are his valiant ancestors, trow?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

ENVOI.

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow?
Where Auvergne's Dauphin and where again
The late good duke of Alençon? Lo!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LORDS.

No. 2.

I.

WHERE are the holy apostles gone,
Alb-clad and amice-tired and stoled
With the sacred tippet and that alone,
Wherewith, when he waxeth overbold,
The foul fiend's throttle they take and hold?
All must come to the self-same bay;
Sons and servants, their days are told:
The wind carries their like away.

II.

Where is he now that held the throne
Of Constantine with the hands of gold?
And the King of France, o'er all kings known
For grace and worship that was extolled,
Who convents and churches manifold
Built for God's service? In their day
What of the honour they had? Behold,
The wind carries their like away.

III.

Where are the champions every one,
The Dauphins, the counsellors young and old?
The barons of Salins, Dôl, Dijon,
Vienne, Grenoble? They all are cold.

Or take the folk under their banners enrolled,—
Pursuivants, trumpeters, heralds, (hey!
How they fed of the fat and the flagon trolled!)
The wind carries their like away.

ENVOI.

Princes to death are all foretold,
Even as the humblest of their array:
Whether they sorrow or whether they scold,
The wind carries their like away.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FAIR HELM-MAKER GROWN OLD.

I.

METHOUGHT I heard the fair complain
—The fair that erst was helm-maker—
And wish herself a girl again.
After this fashion did I hear:
'Alack! old age, felon and drear,
Why hast so early laid me low?
What hinders but I slay me here
And so at one stroke end my woe?

II.

'Thou hast undone the mighty thrall
In which my beauty held for me
Clerks, merchants, churchmen, one and all:
For never man my face might see,
But would have given his all for fee,—
Without a thought of his abuse,—
So I should yield him at his gree
What churls for nothing now refuse.

III.

'I did to many me deny
(Therein I showed but little guile)
For love of one right false and sly,
Whom without stint I loved erewhile.

Whomever else I might bewile,
I loved *him* well, sorry or glad:
But he to me was harsh and vile
And loved me but for what I had.

IV.

'Ill as he used me, and howe'er
Unkind, I loved him none the less:
Even had he made me faggots bear,
One kiss from him or one caress,
And I forgot my every stress.
The rogue! 'twas ever thus the same
With him. It brought me scant liesse:
And what is left me? Sin and shame.

V.

'Now is he dead this thirty year,
And I'm grown old and worn and gray:
When I recall the days that were
And think of what I am to-day
And when me naked I survey
And see my body shrunk to nought,
Withered and shrivelled,—wellaway!
For grief I am well-nigh distraught.

VI.

'Where is that clear and crystal brow?
Those eyebrows arched and golden hair?
And those bright eyes, where are they now,
Wherewith the wisest ravished were?
The little nose so straight and fair;
The tiny tender perfect ear;
Where is the dimpled chin and where
The pouting lips so red and clear?

VII.

'The shoulders gent and strait and small;
Round arms and white hands delicate;
The little pointed breasts withal;
The haunches plump and high and straight,

* * * * * *
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VIII.

'Brows wrinkled sore and tresses gray;
The brows all fall'n and dim the eyne
That wont to charm men's hearts away;
The nose, that was so straight and fine,

Now bent and swerved from beauty's line;
Chin peaked, ears furred and hanging down;
Faded the face and quenched its shine
And lips mere bags of loose skin grown.

IX.

'Such is the end of human grace:
The arms grown short and hands all thrawn;
The shoulders bowed out of their place;
The breasts all shrivelled up and gone;

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X.

'And so the litany goes round,
Lamenting the good time gone by,
Among us crouched upon the ground,
Poor silly hags, to-huddled by
A scanty fire of hempstalks dry,
Kindled in haste and soon gone out;
(We that once held our heads so high!)
So all take turn and turn about.'

THE DOCTRINE OF THE FAIR HELM-MAKER TO THE LIGHT O' LOVES.

I.

Now think on't, Nell the glover fair,
That wont my scholar once to be,
And you, Blanche Slippermaker there,
Your case in mine I'd have you see:
Look all to right and left take ye;
Forbear no man; for trulls that bin
Old have nor course nor currency,
No more than money that's called in.

II.

You, Sausage-huckstress debonair,
That dance and trip it brisk and free,
And Guillemette Upholstress, there,
Look you transgress not Love's decree:
Soon must you shut up shop, perdie;
Soon old you'll grow, faded and thin,
Worth, like some old priest's visnomy,
No more than money that's called in.

III.

Jenny the hatter, have a care
Lest some false lover hamper thee;
And Kitty Spurmaker, beware;
Deny no man that proffers fee;

For girls that are not bright o' blee
Men's scorn and not their service win:
Foul eld gets neither love nor gree,
No more than money that's called in.

ENVOI.

Wenches, give ear and list (quo' she)
Wherefore I weep and make this din;
'Tis that there is no help for me,
No more than money that's called in.

BALLAD THAT VILLON MADE AT THE REQUEST OF HIS MOTHER, WHEREWITHAL TO DO HER HOMAGE TO OUR LADY.

I.

LADY of Heaven, Regent of the earth,
Empress of all the infernal marshes fell,
Receive me, Thy poor Christian, 'spite my dearth,
In the fair midst of Thine elect to dwell:
Albeit my lack of grace I know full well;
For that Thy grace, my Lady and my Queen,
Aboundeth more than all my misdemean,
Withouten which no soul of all that sigh
May merit Heaven. 'Tis sooth I say, for e'en
In this belief I will to live and die.

II.

Say to Thy Son I am His,—that by His birth
And death my sins be all redeemable,—
As Mary of Egypt's dole He changed to mirth
And eke Theophilus', to whom befell
Quittance of Thee, albeit (so men tell)
To the foul fiend he had contracted been.
Assoilzie me, that I may have no teen,
Maid, that without breach of virginity
Didst bear our Lord that in the Host is seen.
In this belief I will to live and die.

III.

A poor old wife I am, and little worth:
Nothing I know, nor letter aye could spell:
Where in the church to worship I fare forth,
I see Heaven limned, with harps and lutes, and Hell,
Where damned folk seethe in fire unquenchable.
One doth me fear, the other joy serene:
Grant I may have the joy, O Virgin clean,
To whom all sinners lift their hands on high,
Made whole in faith through Thee their go-between.
In this belief I will to live and die.

ENVOI.

Thou didst conceive, Princess most bright of sheen,
Jesus the Lord, that hath nor end nor mean,
Almighty, that, departing Heaven's demesne
To succour us, put on our frailty,
Offering to death His sweet of youth and green:
Such as He is, our Lord He is, I ween!
In this belief I will to live and die.

BALLAD OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS.

I.

THOUGH folk deem women young and old
Of Venice and Genoa well eno'
Favoured with speech, both glib and bold,
To carry messages to and fro;
Savoyards, Florentines less or mo,
Romans and Lombards though folk renown,
I, at my peril, I say no;
There's no right speech out of Paris town.

II.

The Naples women (so we are told)
Can school all comers in speech and show;
Prussians and Germans were still extolled
For pleasant prattle of friend and foe;
But hail they from Athens or Grand Cairo,
Castille or Hungary, black or brown,
Greeks or Egyptians, high or low,
There's no right speech out of Paris town.

III.

Switzers nor Bretons know how to scold,
Nor Provence nor Gascony women: lo!
Two fishfags in Paris the bridge that hold
Would slang them dumb in a minute or so.

Picardy, England, Lorraine, (heigho!
Enough of places have I set down?)
Valenciennes, Calais, wherever you go,
There's no right speech out of Paris town.

ENVOI.

Prince, to the Paris ladies, I trow,
For pleasant parlance I yield the crown.
They may talk of Italians; but this I know,
There's no right speech out of Paris town.

SEEMLY LESSON OF VILLON TO THE GOOD-FOR-NOUGHTS.

I.

FAIR sons, you're wasting, ere you're old,
The fairest rose to you that fell.
You, that like birdlime take and hold,
When to Montpippeau or Ruel
(My clerks) you wander, keep you well:
For of the tricks that there he played,
Thinking to 'scape a second spell,
Colin of Cayeulx lost his head.

II.

No trifling game is this to play,
Where one stakes soul and body too:
If losers, no remorse can stay
A shameful death from ending you;
And even the winner, for his due,
Hath not a Dido to his wife.
Foolish and lewd I hold him who
Doth for so little risk his life.

III.

Now all of you to me attend:
Even a load of wine, folk say,
With drinking at last comes to an end,
By fire in winter, in woods in May.

If you have money, it doth not stay,
But this way and that it wastes amain:
What does it profit you, any way?
Ill-gotten good is nobody's gain.

BALLAD OF GOOD DOCTRINE TO THOSE OF ILL LIFE.

I.

PEDDLE indulgences, as you may:
Cog the dice for your cheating throws:
Try if counterfeit coin will pay,
At risk of roasting at last, like those
That deal in treason. Lie and glose,
Rob and ravish: what profits it?
Who gets the purchase, do you suppose?
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

II.

Rhyme, rail, wrestle and cymbals play:
Flute and fool it in mummers' shows:
Along with the strolling players stray
From town to city, without repose;
Act mysteries, farces, mbrogl os:
Win money at gleek or a lucky hit
At the pins: like water, away it flows;
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

III.

Turn from your evil courses I pray,
That smell so foul in a decent nose:
Earn your bread in some honest way.
If you have no letters, nor verse nor prose,

Plough or groom horses, beat hemp or toze.
Enough shall you have if you think but fit:
But cast not your wage to each wind that blows;
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

ENVOI.

Doublets, pourpoints and silken hose,
Gowns and linen, woven or knit,
Ere your wede's worn, away it goes;
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

BALLAD CRYING ALL FOLK MERCY.

I.

FRERES, be they white or be they grey;
Nuns, mumpers, chanters awry that tread
And clink their pattens on each highway;
Lackeys and handmaids, apparellèd
In tight-fitting surcoats, white and red;
Gallants, whose boots o'er their ankles fall,
That vaunt and ruffle it unadread;
I cry folk mercy, one and all.

II.

Wantons who all their charms display,
That so more custom to them be led,
Brawlers and jugglers and tumblers gay;
Clowns with their apes and carpet spread;
Players that whistle for lustihead,
As they trudge it 'twixt village and town and hall;
Gentle and simple, living and dead,—
I cry folk mercy, one and all.

III.

Save only the treacherous beasts of prey,
That garred me batten on prison bread
And water, many a night and day.
I fear them not now, no, not a shred;

And gladly (but that I lie a-bed
And have small stomach for strife or brawl)
I'd have my wreak of them. Now, instead,
I cry folk mercy, one and all.

ENVOI.

So but the knaves be ribroastéd
And basted well with an oaken maul
Or some stout horsewhip weighted with lead,
I cry folk mercy, one and all.

THE EPITAPH IN BALLAD FORM THAT VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMPANIONS, EXPECTING NO BETTER THAN TO BE HANGED IN THEIR COMPANY.

I.

BROTHERS, that after us on life remain,
Harden your hearts against us not as stone;
For, if to pity us poor wights you're fain,
God shall the rather grant you benison.
You see us six, the gibbet hereupon:
As for the flesh that we too well have fed,
'Tis all devoured and rotted, shred by shred.
Let none make merry of our piteous case,
Whose crumbling bones the life long since hath fled:
The rather pray, God grant us of His grace!

II.

Yea, we conjure you, look not with disdain,
Brothers, on us, though we to death were done
By justice. Well you know, the saving grain
Of sense springs not in every mother's son:
Commend us, therefore, now we're dead and gone,
To Christ, the Son of Mary's maidenhead,
That He leave not His grace on us to shed
And save us from the nether torture-place.
Let no one harry us: forsooth, we're sped:
The rather pray, God grant us of His grace!

III.

We are whiles scoured and soddened of the rain
  And whiles burnt up and blackened of the sun:
Corbies and pyets have our eyes out-ta'en
  And plucked our beard and hair out, one by one.
  Whether by night or day, rest have we none:
Now here, now there, as the wind shifts its stead,
We swing and creak and rattle overhead,
  No thimble dinted like our bird-pecked face.
Brothers, have heed and shun the life we led:
  The rather pray, God grant us of His grace!

ENVOI.

Prince Jesus, over all empowerèd,
Let us not fall into the Place of Dread,
  But all our reckoning with the Fiend efface.
Folk, mock us not that are forspent and dead;
  The rather pray, God grant us of His grace!

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First Edition, June, 1894.
Second Edition, January, 1895.
DUBLIN, IRELAND.

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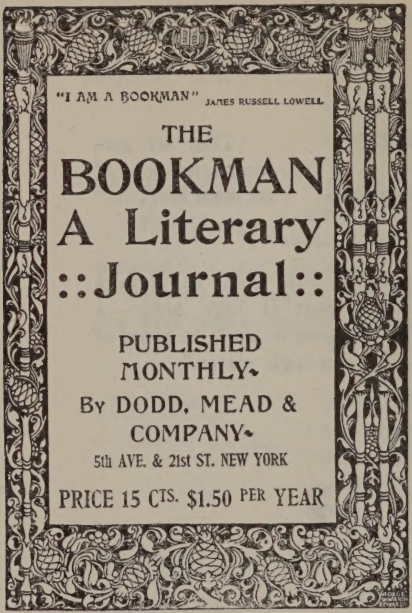

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The Bibelot

THE Selections that go to make up the present BIBELOT *are taken from that exquisitely printed and now scarce little volume :—*

> *Wine, Women and Song*, Mediæval Latin Students' Songs, now first translated into English verse with an Essay by John Addington Symonds. (London 1884.)

Issued in the spring of that year it was inscribed with affectionate regard to Robert Louis Stevenson :—

> "DEAR LOUIS :—To you in memory of past symposia, when wit (your wit) flowed freer than our old Forzato, I dedicate this little book, my pastime through three anxious months.
> Yours,
> JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

To-day, neither of these men—touched by kindred Fates—will gladden us again ; the written word alone abides forever.

It has seemed well to the editor, to prefix in Mr. Symonds own phrases, brief

comments, as illustrative head notes to the lyrics chosen. To those who now for the first time read these Songs of the Wandering Students of an age preceding the Renaissance, such annotations will not appear uncalled for. In a sense they make the rondure of the ring of poesy and vanished passion, more complete and fused in one.

For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR APRIL:

A DISCOURSE
of
MARCUS AURELIUS

MEDIÆVAL
Latin
STUDENTS' SONGS

"Wer liebt nicht Weib Wein und Gesang
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenslang."

MARTIN LUTHER.

"BUT why then have I taken the trouble to translate these songs, and to present them in such profusion to a modern audience? It is because, after making all allowances for their want of great or noble feeling, due to the peculiar medium from which they sprang, they are in many ways realistically beautiful and in a strict sense true to vulgar human nature. They are the spontaneous expression of careless, wanton, unreflective youth. And all this they were, too, in an age which we are apt to regard as incapable of these very qualities.

"The defects I have been at pains to indicate render the Goliardic poems remarkable as documents for the right understanding of the brilliant Renaissance epoch which was destined to close the Middle Ages. To the best of them we may with certainty assign the seventy-five years between 1150 and 1225. In that period, so fruitful of great efforts and of great results in the fields of politics and thought and literature, efforts and results foredoomed to partial frustration and to perverse misapplication — in that potent space of time, so varied in its intellectual and social manifestations, so pregnant with good and evil, so rapid in mutations, so indeterminate between advance and retrogression — this Goliardic poetry stands alone. It occupies a position of unique and isolated, if limited, interest; because it was no outcome of feudalism or ecclesiasticism; because it has no tincture of chivalrous or mystic piety; because it implies no metaphysical determination; because it is pagan in the sense of being natural; because it is devoid of allegory, and, finally, because it is emphatically humanistic."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

A SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

"A jovial *Song of the Open Road*, throbbing with the exhilaration of young life and madcap impudence. We must imagine that two vagabond students are drinking together before they part upon their several ways. . . . . The refrain appears intended to imitate a bugle-call."

WE in our wandering,
Blithesome and squandering,
Tara, tantara, teino!

Eat to satiety,
Drink with propriety;
Tara, tantara, teino!

Laugh till our sides we split,
Rags on our hides we fit;
Tara, tantara, teino!

Jesting eternally,
Quaffing infernally:
Tara, tantara, teino!

Craft's in the bone of us,
Fear 'tis unknown of us:
Tara, tantara, teino!

When we're in neediness,
Thieve we with greediness:
Tara, tantara, teino!

Brother catholical,
Man apostolical,
Tara, tantara, teino!

Say what you will have done,
What you ask 'twill be done!
Tara, tantara, teino!

Folk, fear the toss of the
Horns of philosophy!
Tara, tantara, teino!

Here comes a quadruple
Spoiler and prodigal!
Tara, tantara, teino!

License and vanity
Pamper insanity:
Tara, tantara, teino!

As the Pope bade us do,
Brother to brother's true:
Tara, tantara, teino!

Brother, best friend, adieu!
Now, I must part from you!
Tara, tantara, teino!

When will our meeting be?
Glad shall our greeting be!
Tara, tantara, teino!

Vows valedictory
Now have the victory;
Tara, tantara, teino!

Clasped on each other's breast,
Brother to brother pressed,
Tara, tantara, teino!

WELCOME TO SPRING.

"Having been introduced to the worshipful order of vagrants . . . we will now follow them to the woods and fields in spring.

The spring-songs are all, in the truest sense of the word, *lieder*—lyrics for music. . . ."

SPRING is coming! longed-for spring
Now his joy discloses;
On his fair brow in a ring
Bloom empurpled roses!
Birds are gay; how sweet their lay!
Tuneful is the measure;
The wild wood grows green again,
Songsters change our winter's pain
To a mirthful pleasure.

Now let young men gather flowers,
On their foreheads bind them,
Maidens pluck them from the bowers,
Then, when they have twined them,
Breathe perfume from bud and bloom,
Where young love reposes,
And into the meadows so
All together laughing go,
Crowned with ruddy roses.

THE INVITATION TO YOUTH.

"There is a very pretty *Invitation to Youth*, the refrain of which, though partly undecipherable, seems to indicate an Italian origin. I have thought it well to omit this refrain; but it might be rendered thus, maintaining the strange and probably corrupt reading of the last line:—

"List, my fair, list, *bela mia*,
To the thousand charms of Venus!
Da hizevaleria."

TAKE your pleasure, dance and play,
Each with other while ye may:
Youth is nimble, full of grace;
Age is lame, of tardy pace.

We the wars of love should wage,
Who are yet of tender age;
'Neath the tents of Venus dwell
All the joys that youth loves well.

Young men kindle heart's desire;
You may liken them to fire:
Old men frighten love away
With cold frost and dry decay.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE ROSE.

"A roundelay, which might be styled the *Praise of May* or the exhortation to be liberal in love by *The Example of the Rose*, shall follow."

WINTER'S untruth yields at last,
Spring renews old mother earth;
Angry storms are overpast,
Sunbeams fill the air with mirth;
Pregnant, ripening unto birth,
All the world reposes.

Our delightful month of May,
Not by birth, but by degree,
Took the first place, poets say;
Since the whole year's cycle he,
Youngest, loveliest, leads with glee,
And the cycle closes.

From the honours of the rose
They decline, the rose abuse,
Who, when roses red unclose,
Seek not their own sweets to use;
'Tis with largess, liberal dues,
That the rose discloses.

Taught to wanton, taught to play,
By the young year's wanton flower,
We will take no heed to-day,
Have no thought for thrift this hour;
Thrift, whose uncongenial power
Laws on youth imposes.

THE VOW TO CUPID.

"Another song, blending the praises of spring with a little pagan vow to Cupid, has in the original Latin a distinction and purity of outline which might be almost called Horatian."

WINTER, now thy spite is spent,
Frost and ice and branches bent!
Fogs and furious storms are o'er,
Sloth and torpor, sorrow frore,
Pallid wrath, lean discontent.

Comes the graceful band of May!
Cloudless shines the limpid day,
Shine by night the Pleiades;
While a grateful summer breeze
Makes the season soft and gay.

Golden Love! shine forth to view!
Souls of stubborn men subdue!
See me bend! what is thy mind?
Make the girl thou givest kind,
And a leaping ram's thy due!

O the jocund face of earth,
Breathing with young grassy birth!
Every tree with foliage clad,
Singing birds in greenwood glad,
Flowering fields for lovers' mirth!

THE SERENADE TO FLOWER-O'-THE-THORN.

"Occasionally his," (the lover's) "passion assumes a romantic tone, as is the case with the following *Serenade* to a girl called Flos-de-spina in the Latin. Whether that was her real name, or was only used for poetical purposes, does not admit of debate now. Anyhow, Flos-de-spina, Fior-di-spina, Fleur-d'épine, and English Flower-o'-the-thorn are all of them pretty names for a girl."

THE blithe young year is upward steering,
Wild winter dwindles, disappearing;
The short, short days are growing longer,
Rough weather yields and warmth is stronger.
Since January dawned, my mind
Waves hither, thither, love-inclined
For one whose will can loose or bind.

Prudent and very fair the maiden,
Than rose or lily more love-laden;
Stately of stature, lithe and slender,
There's naught so exquisite and tender.
The Queen of France is not so dear;
Death to my life comes very near
If Flower-o'-the-thorn be not my cheer.

The Queen of Love my heart is killing
With her gold arrow pain-distilling;
The God of Love with torches burning
Lights pyre on pyre of ardent yearning.
She is the girl for whom I'd die;
I want none dearer, far or nigh,
Though grief on grief upon me lie.

I with her love am thralled and taken,
Whose flower doth flower, bud, bloom, and waken;
Sweet were the labour, light the burden,
Could mouth kiss mouth for wage and guerdon.
No touch of lips my wound can still,
Unless two hearts grow one, one will,
One longing! Flower of flowers, farewell!

THE VILLAGE DANCE.

"The village dance forms an important element in the pleasures of the season. Here is a pretty picture in two stanzas of a linden sheltering some Suabian meadow."

WIDE the lime-tree to the air
Spreads her boughs and foliage fair;
Thyme beneath is growing
On the verdant meadow where
Dancers' feet are going.

Through the grass a little spring
Runs with jocund murmuring;
All the place rejoices;
Cooling zephyrs breathe and sing
With their summer voices.

INVITATION TO THE DANCE.

"But the theme of the dance is worked up with . . . more studied ingenuity of rhyme and rhythm in the following characteristic song. This has the true accent of what may be called the *Musa Vagabundula*, and is one of the best lyrics of the series."

CAST aside dull books and thought;
Sweet is folly, sweet is play:
Take the pleasure Spring hath brought
In youth's opening holiday!
Right it is old age should ponder
On grave matters fraught with care;
Tender youth is free to wander,
Free to frolic light as air.
Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study:
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

Lo, the Spring of life slips by,
Frozen Winter comes apace;
Strength is 'minished silently,
Care writes wrinkles on our face:
Blood dries up and courage fails us,
Pleasures dwindle, joys decrease,
Till old age at length assails us
With his troop of illnesses.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

Live we like the gods above;
This is wisdom, this is truth:
Chase the joys of tender love
In the leisure of our youth!
Keep the vows we swore together,
Lads, obey that ordinance;
Seek the fields in sunny weather,
Where the laughing maidens dance.
Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

There the lad who lists may see
Which among the maids is kind:
There young limbs deliciously
Flashing through the dances wind:
While the girls their arms are raising,
Moving, winding o'er the lea,
Still I stand and gaze, and gazing
They have stolen the soul of me!
Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

A PASTORAL.

"Songs in the manner of the early French pastoral. These were fashionable at a remote period in all parts of Europe. Their point is mainly this: A man of birth and education, generally a dweller in the town, goes abroad into the fields, lured by fair spring weather, and makes love among trees to a country wench."

THERE went out in the dawning light
A little rustic maiden;
Her flock so white, her crook so slight,
With fleecy new wool laden.

Small is the flock, and there you'll see
The she-ass and the wether;
This goat's a he, and that's a she,
The bull-calf and the heifer.

She looked upon the green sward, where
A student lay at leisure:
"What do you there, young sir, so fair?"
"Come, play with me, my treasure!"

FLOS FLORAE.

"The next piece which I shall quote differs in some important respects from the general style adopted by the Goliardi in their love-poetry. It is written in rhyming or leonine hexameters, and is remarkable for its quaint play on names, conceived and executed in a truly mediæval taste."

TAKE thou this rose, O Rose! the loves in the rose repose:
I with love of the rose am caught at the winter's close:
Take thou this flower, my flower, and cherish it in thy bower:
Thou in thy beauty's power shalt lovelier blow each hour:
Gaze at the rose, and smile, my rose, in mine eyes the while:
To thee the roses belong, thy voice is the nightingale's song:
Give thou the rose a kiss, it blushes like thy mouth's bliss:
Flowers in a picture seem not flowers, but flowers in a dream:
Who paints the rose's bloom, paints not the rose's perfume.

THE LOVER'S MONOLOGUE.

"A third 'poem of privacy' may be employed to temper this too fervid mood." (Referring to two preceding poems omitted from our present collection.) "I conceive it to be meant for the monologue of a lover in the presence of his sweetheart, and to express the varying lights and shades of his emotion."

LOVE rules everything that is:
Love doth change hearts in a kiss:
Love seeks devious ways of bliss:
Love than honey sweeter,
Love than gall more bitter.
Blind Love hath no modesties.
Love is lukewarm, fiery, cold;
Love is timid, overbold;
Loyal, treacherous, manifold.

Present time is fit for play:
Let Love find his mate to-day:
Hark, the birds, how sweet their lay!
Love rules young men wholly;
Love lures maidens solely.
Woe to old folk! sad are they.
Sweetest woman ever seen,
Fairest, dearest, is my queen;
And alas! my chiefest teen.

Let an old man, chill and drear,
Never come thy bosom near;
Oft he sleeps with sorry cheer,
  Too cold to delight thee:
  Naught could less invite thee.
Youth with youth must mate, my dear.
  Blest the union I desire;
  Naught I know and naught require,
  Better than to be thy squire.

Love flies all the world around:
Love in wanton wiles is wound:
Therefore youth and maid are bound
  In Love's fetters duly.
  She is joyless truly
Who no lover yet hath found!
  All the night in grief and smart
  She must languish, wear her heart;
  Bitter is that woman's part.

Love is simple, Love is sly;
Love is pale, of ruddy dye:
Love is all things, low and high:
  Love is serviceable,
  Constant and unstable:
Love obeys Art's empery.
  In this closed room Love takes flight,
  In the silence of the night,
  Love made captive, conquered quite.

A CAROL OF WINE.

"Next to spring and love, our students set their affections principally on the tavern and the wine-bowl. . . . Several of the best anacreontics of the period are . . . . distinctly parodies. One panegyric of wine . . . is modelled upon a hymn to the Virgin. Another, regarding the date of which I have no information, is an imitation of a well-known *Christmas Carol*."

In dulci jubilo
Sing we, make merry so!
Since our heart's pleasure
Latet in poculo,
Drawn from the cask, good measure,
Pro hoc convivio,
Nunc, nunc bibito!

O crater parvule!
How my soul yearns for thee!
Make me now merry,
O potus optime,
Claret or hock or sherry!
Et vos concinite:
Vivant socii!

O vini caritas!
O Bacchi lenitas!
  We've drained our purses
Per multa pocula:
  Yet hope we for new mercies,
Nummorum gaudia:
  Would that we had them, ah!

Ubi sunt gaudia? where,
If that they be not there?
  There the lads are singing
Selecta cantica:
  There are glasses ringing
In villae curia;
  Oh, would that we were there!

TIME'S A-FLYING.

"Two lyrics of distinguished excellence, which still hold their place in the *Commersbuch*, cannot claim certain antiquity in their present form. . . . The first starts with an allusion to the Horatian *tempus edax rerum*."

LAUREL-crowned Horatius,
True, how true thy saying!
Swift as wind flies over us
Time, devouring, slaying.
Where are, oh! those goblets full
Of wine honey-laden,
Strifes and loves and bountiful
Lips of ruddy maiden?

Grows the young grape tenderly,
And the maid is growing;
But the thirsty poet, see,
Years on him are snowing!
What's the use on hoary curls
Of the bays undying,
If we may not kiss the girls,
Drink while time's a-flying?

THERE'S NO LUST LIKE TO POETRY.

"The second consists of a truly brilliant development of the theme which our Herrick condensed into one splendid phrase— There's no lust like to poetry!"

SWEET in goodly fellowship
Tastes red wine and rare O!
But to kiss a girl's ripe lip
Is a gift more fair O!
Yet a gift more sweet, more fine,
Is the lyre of Maro!
While these three good gifts were mine,
I'd not change with Pharaoh.

Bacchus wakes within my breast
Love and love's desire,
Venus comes and stirs the blessed
Rage of Phœbus' fire;
Deathless honour is our due
From the laurelled sire:
Woe should I turn traitor to
Wine and love and lyre!

Should a tyrant rise and say,
"Give up wine!" I'd do it;
"Love no girls!" I would obey,
Though my heart should rue it.
"Dash thy lyre!" suppose he saith,
Naught should bring me to it;
"Yield thy lyre or die!" my breath,
Dying, should thrill through it!

WINE AND VENUS.

"A lyric of the elder period in praise of wine and love, which forcibly illustrates the contempt felt by the student class for the unlettered laity and boors, shall be inserted here. It seems to demand a tune."

Ho, comrades mine!
What is your pleasure?
What business fine
Or mirthful measure?
Lo, Venus toward our crew advancing,
A choir of Dryads round her dancing!

Good fellows you!
The time is jolly!
Earth springs anew,
Bans melancholy;
Bid long farewell to winter weather!
Let lads and maids be blithe together.

Dame Venus spurns
Her brother Ocean;
To Bacchus turns;
No colder potion
Deserves her godhead's approbation;
On sober souls she pours damnation.

Let then this band,
Imbued with learning,
By Venus stand,
Her wages earning!
Laymen we spurn from our alliance,
Like brutes to art deaf, dumb to science.

Two gods alone
We serve and mate with;
One law we own,
Nor hold debate with:
Who lives the goodly student fashion
Must love and win love back with passion!

ON CONTEMPT FOR THE WORLD.

"The transition from these . . . songs to poems of serious import . . must of necessity be abrupt." Of the one now to be given it "would have but little to do with a Commersbuch, were it not for the fact the most widely famous modern student-song of Germany has borrowed two passages from its serious and tragic rhythm. Close inspection of *Gaudeamus Igitur* shows that the metrical structure of that song is based on the principle of quoting one of its long lines and rhyming to it."

"De contemptu mundi:" this is the theme I've taken:
Time it is from sleep to rise, from death's torpor waken:
Gather virtue's grain and leaves tares of sin forsaken.
Rise up, rise, be vigilant; trim your lamp, be ready.

Brief is life, and brevity briefly shall be ended:
Death comes quick, fears no man, none hath his dart suspended:
Death kills all, to no man's prayer hath he condescended.
Rise up, rise, be vigilant; trim your lamp, be ready.

Where are they who in this world, ere we kept, were keeping?
Come unto the churchyard, thou! see where they are sleeping!
Dust and ashes are they, worms in their flesh are creeping.
Rise up, rise, be vigilant; trim your lamp, be ready.

Into life each man is born with great teen and trouble:
All through life he drags along; toil on toil is double:
When life's done, the pangs of death take him, break the bubble.
Rise up, rise, be vigilant; trim your lamp, be ready.

If from sin thou hast been turned, born a new man wholly,
Changed thy life to better things, childlike, simple, holy;
Thus into God's realm shalt thou enter with the lowly.
Rise up, rise, be vigilant; trim your lamp, be ready.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

"Having alluded to *Gaudeamus Igitur*, I shall close my translations with a version of it into English. The dependence of this lyric upon the rhythm and substance of the poem on *Contempt for the World*, . . . is perhaps the reason why it is sung by German students after the funeral of a comrade. The Office for the Dead sounding in their ears, occasions the startling *igitur* with which it opens; and their mind reverts to solemn phrases in the midst of masculine determination to enjoy the present while it is yet theirs."

LET us live then and be glad
While young life's before us!
After youthful pastime had,
After old age hard and sad,
Earth will slumber o'er us.

Where are they who in this world,
Ere we kept, were keeping?
Go ye to the gods above;
Go to hell; inquire thereof:
They are not; they're sleeping.

Brief is life, and brevity
Briefly shall be ended:
Death comes like a whirlwind strong,
Bears us with his blast along;
None shall be defended.

Live this university,
Men that learning nourish;
Live each member of the same,
Long live all that bear its name;
Let them ever flourish!

Live the commonwealth also,
And the men that guide it!
Live our town in strength and health,
Founders, patrons, by whose wealth
We are here provided!

Live all girls! A health to you,
Melting maids and beauteous!
Live the wives and women too,
Gentle, loving, tender, true,
Good, industrious, duteous!

Perish cares that pule and pine!
Perish envious blamers!
Die the Devil, thine and mine!
Die the starch-neck Philistine!
Scoffers and defamers!

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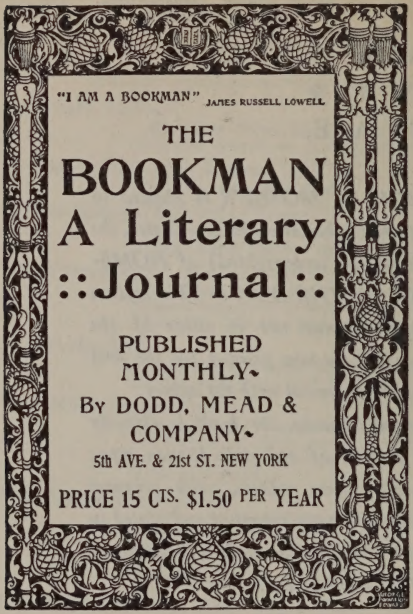

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For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR MAY:

FRAGMENTS
from
SAPPHO.

A DISCOURSE
of
MARCUS AURELIUS.

"Everything harmonizes with me, which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late, which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature: from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return. The poet says, 'Dear city of Cecrops; and wilt not thou say, Dear city of Zeus?"

"*EVEN in a palace, life may be led well!*
So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,

Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge under some foolish master's ken
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen—
Match'd with a palace, is not this a hell?

Even in a palace! On his truth sincere,
Who spoke these words, no shadow ever came;
And when my ill-school'd spirit is aflame

Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop, and say: "There were no succour here!
The aids to noble life are all within."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A DISCOURSE OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

But ah! Mæcenas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to playe.

MARCUS AURELIUS who, though he had little relish for them himself, had been ever willing to humour the taste of his people for magnificent spectacles, was received back to Rome with the lesser honours of the *Ovation;* conceded by the Senate, so great was the public sense of deliverance, with even more than the laxity which had become habitual to it under imperial rule, for there had been no actual bloodshed in the late achievement. Clad in the civic dress of the chief Roman magistrate, and with a crown of myrtle upon his head, his colleague similarly attired walking beside him, he passed on foot in solemn procession, along the Sacred Way up to the Capitol, to offer sacrifice to the national gods. The victim, a goodly sheep, whose image we may still see, between the pig and the ox of the *Suovetaurilia*, filletted and stoled almost like

ancient canons, on a sculptured fragment in the Forum, was conducted by the priests, clad in rich white vestments, and bearing their sacred utensils of massy gold, immediately behind a company of flute-players, led by the great master, or *conductor*, of that day; visibly tetchy or delighted, according as the instruments he ruled with his training-rod, rose, more or less perfectly amid the difficulties of the way, to the dream of perfect music in the soul within him. The vast crowd, in which were mingled the soldiers of the triumphant army, now restored to wives and children, all alike in holiday whiteness, had left their houses early in the fine, dry morning, in a real affection for "the father of his country," to await the procession; the two princes having spent the preceding night outside the walls, in the old *Villa of the Republic*. Marius, full of curiosity, had taken his position with much care; and stood to see the world's masters pass by, at an angle from which he could command the view of a great part of the processional route, sprinkled with fine yellow sand, and carefully guarded from profane footsteps.

The coming of the procession was announced by the clear sound of the flutes, heard at length above the acclamations of the people — *Salve Imperator! — Dii te servent!* — shouted in regular time, over the hills. It was on the central figure, of course, that the whole attention of Marius was fixed from the moment when the procession came in sight, preceded by the lictors with gilded *fasces*, the imperial image-bearers, and pages carrying lighted torches; a band of knights, among whom was Cornelius in complete military array, following. Amply swathed about in the folds of a richly worked toga, in a manner now long since become obsolete with meaner persons, Marius beheld a man of about five-and-forty years of age, with prominent eyes — eyes, which although demurely downcast during this essentially religious ceremony, were by nature broadly and benignantly observant. He was still, in the main, as we see him in the busts which represent his gracious and courtly youth, when Hadrian had playfully called him, not *Verus*, after his father, but *Verissimus*, for that candour of gaze, and the

bland capacity of the brow; which, below the brown hair, clustering as thickly as of old, shone out low, broad, and clear, and still without a trace of the trouble of his lips. It was the brow of one who, amid the blindness or perplexity of the people about him, understood all things clearly; with that dilemma, to which his experience so far had brought him, between Chance with meek resignation, and a Providence with boundless possibilities and hope, for him at least distinctly defined.

That outward serenity, which, as a point of expression or manner not unworthy the attention of a public minister, he valued so highly (was it not an outward symbol of the inward religious serenity it was his constant effort to maintain?) was increased to-day, by his sense of the gratitude of his people — that his life had been one of such gifts and blessings as made his person seem indeed divine to them. Yet the trace of some reserved internal sorrow, passing from time to time into an expression of effort and fatigue, of loneliness amid the shouting multitude, as if the sagacious hint of one of his officers — "The soldiers can't under-

stand you: they don't know Greek"—were applicable generally to his relationships with other people, might have been read there by the more observant. The nostrils and mouth seemed capable even of peevishness; and Marius noted in them, as in the hands, and in the spare body as a whole, what was new in his experience—something of asceticism, as we say—of a bodily gymnastic, in which, although it told pleasantly in the clear blue humours of the eye, the flesh had scarcely been an equal gainer with the spirit. It was hardly the expression of "the healthy mind in the healthy body," but rather of a sacrifice of the body to the soul, its needs and aspirations, that Marius seemed to divine in this assiduous student of the Greek sages—a sacrifice, indeed, far beyond the demands of their very saddest philosophy of life.

Dignify thyself, with modesty and simplicity for thine ornaments!—had been a maxim with this dainty and high-bred Stoic; who still thought *manners* a true part of *morals*, according to the old sense of the term, and who regrets, now and again, that he cannot control his thoughts equally well

with his countenance. That outward composure was deepened during the solemnities of this day by an air of potifical abstractedness; which though very far from being pride, and a sort of humility rather, yet gave, to himself, an aspect of unapproachableness, and to his whole proceeding, in which every minutest act was *considered*, the character of a ritual. Certainly, there was no haughtiness, social, moral, or philosophic even, in Aurelius, who had realised, under more difficult circumstances perhaps than anyone before him, that no element of humanity could be alien to him, Yet, as he walked to-day, the centre of ten thousand observers, with eyes discreetly fixed on the ground, veiling his head at times and muttering very rapidly the words of the "supplications," there was something which many a spectator must have noted, again as a new thing; for, unlike his predecessors, Aurelius took all that with absolute seriousness. The doctrine of the sanctity of kings, that, in the words of Tacitus, Princes are as Gods—*principes instar deorum esse*,—seemed to have taken a new and true sense. For Aurelius, indeed, the old legend of his descent from Numa—from Numa

who had talked with the gods — meant much. Attached in very early years to the service of the altars, like many another noble youth, he was "observed to perform all his sacerdotal functions with a constancy and exactness unusual at that age; was soon a master of the sacred music; and had all the forms and ceremonies by heart." And now, as the emperor, who had not only a vague divinity about his person, but was actually the chief religious functionary of the state, recited from time to time the formulas of invocation, he needed not the help of the prompter, or *ceremoniarius*, who then approached, to assist him by whispering the appointed words in his ear. It was that pontifical collectedness which now impressed itself on Marius as the leading outward characteristic of Aurelius; and to him alone, perhaps, in that vast crowd of observers, it was no strange thing, but a thing he had understood from of old.

Some fanciful writers have assigned the origin of these triumphal processions to the mythic pomps of Dionysus, after his conquests in the East; the very word *triumph* being, according to this supposition,

only *Thriambos* — the Dionysiac Hymn. And certainly the younger of the two imperial "brothers," who, with the effect of a strong contrast, walked beside Aurelius, and shared the honours of the day, might well have reminded many of the delicate Greek god of flowers and wine. This new conqueror of the East was now about thirty-six years old, but with his punctilious care for all his advantages of person, and his soft curling beard powdered with gold, looked many years younger. It was one of the best fruits of the more genial element in the wisdom of Aurelius that, amid very difficult circumstances, he had known throughout life how to act in union with persons of character very different from his own; to be more than loyal to the colleague, the younger brother in empire, he had too lightly taken to himself, five years before, then an uncorrupt youth, "skilled in manly exercises and fitted for war." When Aurelius thanks his gods that a brother had fallen to his lot, whose character was a stimulus to the proper care of his own, one sees that that could only have happened by way of an example, warning him against

insidious faults. But it is with sincere amiability that the imperial writer, who was indeed little used to be ironical, adds that the lively respect and affection of the junior had often "gladdened" him. To be able to make his use of the flower, when the fruit perhaps was useless or poisonous — that, was one of the practical successes of his philosophy; and his people noted, with a blessing, *the concord of the two Augusti.*

The younger, certainly, had to the full that charm of a constitutional freshness of aspect which may defy for a long time extravagant or erring habits of life; a physiognomy healthy-looking, cleanly, and firm, which seemed unassociable with any form of self-tormenting, and made one think of the nozzle of some young hound or roe, such as human beings invariably like to stroke — with all the goodliness, that is, of the finer sort of animalism, though still wholly animal. It was the charm of the blond head, the unshrinking gaze, the warm tints — neither more nor less than one may see every English summer, in youth, manly enough, and with the stuff in it which makes brave soldiers, in spite of the natural kinship it

seems to have with playthings and gay flowers. Lucius Verus, indeed, had had a more than womanly fondness for fond things, which had made the atmosphere of the old city of Antioch, heavy with centuries of voluptuousness, a poison to him: he had come to love his delicacies best out of season, and would have gilded the very flowers. But, with a marvellous power of self-obliteration, the elder brother at the capital, had directed his procedure successfully, and allowed him, now also the husband of his daughter Lucilla, the credit of a conquest, though Verus had certainly not returned a victor over himself. He had returned, as we know, with the plague in his company, along with many another strange creature of his folly; and when the people saw him publicly feeding his favourite horse *Fleet* with almonds and sweet grapes, wearing the animal's image in gold, and finally building him a tomb, they felt, with some unsentimental misgiving, that he might revive the manners of Nero — What if, in the chances of war, he should survive the protecting genius of that elder brother?

He was all himself to-day: and it was with much wistful curiosity that Marius regarded him. For Lucius Verus was, indeed, but a highly expressive type of a class — the true son of his father, adopted by Hadrian. Lucius Verus the elder, also, had had that same strange capacity for misusing the adornments of life, with a masterly grace; as if such misusing were, indeed, the quite adequate occupation of an intelligence, powerful, but distorted by cynical philosophy or some disappointment of the heart. It was almost a sort of genius, of which there had been instances in the imperial purple: it was to ascend the throne, a few years later, in the person of one, now a hopeful little lad in the palace and it had its following, of course, among the wealthy youth of Rome, who concentrated a very considerable force of shrewdness and tact upon minute details of attire and manner, as upon the one thing needful. Certainly, flowers were pleasant to the eye. Such things had even their sober use, as making the outside of human life superficially attractive, and thereby promoting the first steps towards friendship and social amity.

But what precise place could there be for Verus, and his charm, in that *Wisdom*, that Order of Reason "reaching from end to end, sweetly and strongly disposing all things;" from the vision of which Aurelius came down, so tolerant of persons like him — a vision into which Marius also was competent to enter. Yet noting his actual perfection after his kind, his undeniable achievement of the select, in all minor things, Marius felt, with some suspicion of himself, that he entered into, and could understand, Lucius Verus too. There was a voice in that theory which he had brought to Rome with him, which whispered "nothing is either great nor small;" as there were times in which he could have thought that, as the "grammarian's," or the artist's ardour of soul may be satisfied by the perfecting of the theory of a sentence or the adjustment of two colours, so his own life also might have been filled by an enthusiastic quest after perfection — say, in the flowering and folding of a toga.

The emperors had burned incense before the image of Jupiter, arrayed in his most gorgeous apparel, amid sudden shouts from

the people of *Salve Imperator!* turned now from the living princes to the deity, as they discerned his countenance through the great opened doors. The imperial brothers had deposited their crowns of myrtle on the richly embroidered lap-cloth of the image; and, with their chosen guests, had sat down to a public feast in the temple itself. And then followed, what was, after all, the great event of the day; an appropriate discourse—a discourse almost wholly *de contemptu mundi*—pronounced in the presence of the assembled Senate, by the emperor Aurelius; who had thus, on certain rare occasions, condescended to instruct his people, with the double authority of a chief pontiff and a laborious student of philosophy. In those lesser honours of the *ovation*, there had been no attendant slave behind the emperors, to make mock of their effulgence as they went; and it was as if, timorous, as a discreet philosopher might be, of a jealous Nemesis, he had determined himself to protest in time against the vanity of all outward success.

It was in the vast hall of the *Curia Julia* that the Senate was assembled to hear the emperor's discourse. A crowd of high-bred

youths, who had near relations among its members, were idling around on the steps before the doors, in the marvellous toilets Marius had noticed in the *Via Nova;* in attendance, as usual, to learn by observation all the delicacies of the senatorial procedure. Marius had already some acquaintances among them, and passing on found himself suddenly in the presence of what was still the most august assembly the world had seen. Under Aurelius, ever full of veneration for this ancient traditional guardian of public religion, the Senate had recovered all its old dignity and independence. Among its members, many hundreds in number, as the grandest of them all, Marius noted the great sophists or rhetoricians of the day, in all their magnificence. The antique character of their attire, and the ancient mode of wearing it, still surviving with them, added to the imposing character of their persons, as they sat, with their staves of ivory in their hands, on their curule chairs (almost the exact pattern of the chair, still in use in the Roman church when a Bishop *pontificates* at the divine offices) "tranquil and unmoved, with a majesty that seemed divine," as Marius

thought, like the old Gaul of the Invasion. The rays of the early November sunset slanted full upon the audience, and compelled the officers of the Court to draw the purple curtains over the windows, adding to the solemnity of the scene. In the depth of those warm shadows, surrounded by her noble ladies, the empress Faustina was seated to listen. The beautiful Greek statue of Victory, which ever since the days of Augustus had presided over the assemblies of the Senate, had been brought into the hall, and placed near the chair of the emperor; who, after rising to perform a brief sacrificial service in its honour, bowing reverently to the assembled fathers left and right, took his seat and began to speak.

There was a certain melancholy grandeur in the very simplicity or triteness of the theme; as it were the very quintessence of all the old Roman epitaphs of all that was monumental in that city of tombs, layer upon layer of dead things and people. As if in the very fervor of disillusion, he seemed to be composing — "ὡσπερ ἐπιγραφὰς χρόνων καὶ ὅλων ἔνθων — the sepulchral titles of ages and whole peoples — nay! the very epitaph

of the living Rome itself. The grandeur of the ruins of Rome — heroism in ruin — it was under the influence of an imaginative anticipation of that, that he appeared to be speaking. And though the impression of the actual greatness of Rome on that day was but enhanced by this strain of contempt falling with an accent of pathetic conviction from the emperor himself, and gaining from his pontifical pretensions the authority of a religious intimation, yet the curious interest of the discourse lay in this, that Marius, as he listened, seemed to foresee a grass-grown Forum, the broken ways of the Capitol, and the Palatine hill itself in humble occupation: and this impression connected itself with what he had already noted of an actual change that was coming over Italian scenery. Throughout, he could trace something of a humour into which Stoicism at all times tends to fall, the tendency to cry, *Abase yourselves!* With the almost inhuman impassibility of one who had thought too closely on the paradoxical aspect of the love of posthumous fame, with the ascetic pride which lurks, in spite of its poetry, in all Platonism, resultant from its opposition

of the seen to the unseen, as falsehood to truth — the imperial Stoic, like his true descendant, the hermit of the middle age, was ready, in no friendly humour, to mock, there in its narrow bed, the corpse, which had made so much of itself in life. Marius could but contrast all that with his own Cyrenaic eagerness, just then, to taste and see and touch; reflecting on the opposite issues deducible from the same text. "The world without and within me flows away like a river," he had said, "therefore let me make the most of what is here and now."— "The world and the thinker upon it, are consumed like a flame," said Aurelius, "therefore let us turn away our eyes from vanity; and renounce; and withdraw ourselves alike from all affections." He seemed tacitly to claim it, as a sort of personal dignity, that he was very familiarly versed in that view of things, and could discern death's head everywhere. Now and again, Marius was reminded of the saying that "with the Stoics all people are the vulgar save themselves," and at times the orator seemed to have forgotten his audience, and to be speaking only to himself.

"Art thou in love with men's praises, get thee into the very soul of them, and see!— see what judges they be, even in those matters which concern themselves. Wouldst thou have their praises after death, bethink thee, that they who shall come hereafter, and with whom thou wouldst survive by thy great name, will be but as these, whom here thou hast found so hard to live with. For of a truth, his soul who is aflutter upon renown after death, presents not this aright to itself, that of all whose memory he would have each one will likewise very quickly depart, and thereafter, again, he also who shall receive that from him, until memory herself be put out, as she journeys on by means of such as are themselves on the wing but for a while, and are extinguished in their turn.— Making so much of those thou wilt never see! It is as if thou wouldst have had those who were before thee discourse fair things concerning thee.

"To him, indeed, whose wit hath been whetted by true doctrine, that well-worn sentence of Homer sufficeth, to guard him against regret and fear —

Like the race of leaves
The race of man is :—

The wind in autumn strows
The earth with old leaves: then the spring the woods
with new endows—

Leaves! little leaves! — thy children, thy flatterers, thine enemies! Leaves in the wind, those who would devote thee to darkness, who scorn or miscall thee here, even as they also whose great fame shall outlast them. For all these, and the like of them, are born indeed in the spring season — ἔαρος ἐπιγίγνωται ὥρῃ—and soon a wind hath scattered them, and thereafter the wood peopleth itself again with another generation of leaves. And what is common to all of them is but the littleness of their lives: and yet wouldst thou love and hate, as if these things should continue for ever. In a little while thine eyes also will be closed, and he on whom thou perchance hast leaned thyself be himself a burden upon another.

"Bethink thee often of the swiftness with which the things that are, or are even now coming to be, are swept past thee: that the very substance of them is but the perpetual motion of water; that there is almost nothing which continueth: and that bottomless depth of time, so close at thy side. Folly! to be lifted up, or sorrowful, or anxious, by reason

of things like these! Think of infinite matter, and thy portion — how tiny a particle of it! of infinite time, and thine own brief point there; of destiny, and the jot thou art in it; and yield thyself readily to the wheel of Clotho, to spin thee into what web she will.

"*As one casting a ball from his hand, the nature of things hath had its aim with every man, not as to the ending only, but the first beginning of his course, and passage thither. And hath the ball any profit of its rising, or loss as it descendeth again, or in its fall? or the bubble, as it groweth or breaketh on the air? or the flame of the lamp, from the beginning to the ending of its brief history?*

"*All but at this present that future is, in which nature, who disposeth all things in order, will transform whatsoever thou now seest, fashioning from its substance somewhat else, and therefrom somewhat else in its turn, lest the world should grow old. We are such stuff as dreams are made of — disturbing dreams. Awake, then! and see thy dream as it is, in comparison with that erewhile it seemed to thee.*

"*And for me, especially, it were well to mind those many mutations of empire in time*

past; therein peeping also upon the future, which must needs be of like species with what hath been, continuing ever within the rhythm and number of things which really are; so that in forty years one may note of man and his ways little less than in a thousand. Ah! from this higher place, look we down upon the shipwrecks and the calm! Consider, for example, how the world went, under the emperor Vespasian. They are married and given in marriage, they breed children; love hath its way with them; they heap up riches for others or for themselves: they are murmuring at things as then they are; they are seeking for great place; crafty, flattering, suspicious, waiting upon the death of others—festivals, business, war, sickness, dissolution: and now their whole life is no longer anywhere at all. Pass on to the reign of Trajan: all things continue the same: and that life also is no longer anywhere at all. Ah! but look again, and consider one after another, as it were the sepulchral inscriptions of all peoples and times, according to one pattern—What multitudes, after their utmost striving—a little afterwards!—were dissolved again into their dust.

"Think again of life as it was far off in

the old time; as it must be when we shall be gone; as it is now among the wild heathen. How many have never heard your names and mine, or will soon forget them! How soon may those who shout my name to-day begin to revile it, because glory, and the memory of men, and all things beside, are but vanity—a sand-heap under the senseless wind, the barking of dogs, the quarreling of children, weeping incontinently upon their laughter.

"This hasteth to be; that other to have been: of that which is now becoming, even now somewhat hath been extinguished. And wilt thou make thy treasure of any one of those things? It were as if one set his love upon the swallow, as it passeth out of sight through the air!

"Bethink thee often, in all contentions public and private, of those whom men have remembered by reason of their anger and vehement spirit—those famous rages, and the occasions of them—the great fortunes, and misfortunes, of men's strife of old. What are they all now, and the dust of their battles? Dust and ashes indeed; a fable, a mythus, or not so much as that. Yes! keep those before thine eyes who took this or that, the like of which

happeneth to thee, so hardly; were so querulous, so agitated. And where again are they? Wouldst thou have it not otherwise with thee?

"Consider how quickly all things vanish away — their bodily structure into the general substance of things; the very memory of them into that great gulf and abysm of past thoughts. Ah! 'tis on a tiny space of earth thou art creeping through life — a pigmy soul carrying a dead body to its grave. Consider all this with thyself, and let nothing seem great to thee.

"Let death put thee upon the consideration both of thy body and thy soul — what an atom of all matter hath been distributed to thee; what a little particle of the universal mind. Turn thy body about, and consider what thing it is, and that which old age, and lust, and the languor of disease can make of it. Or come to its substantial and casual qualities, its very type: contemplate that in itself, apart from the accidents of matter, and then measure also the span of time for which the nature of things, at the longest, will maintain that special type. Nay! in the very principles and first constituents of things corruption hath its part — so much dust, humour, stench, and scraps of

bone! Consider that thy marbles are but the earth's callosities, thy gold and silver its fæces; this silken robe but a worm's bedding, and thy purple an unclean fish. Ah! and thy life's breath is not otherwise; as it passeth out of matters like these, into the like of them again.

"For the one soul in things, taking matter like wax into its hands, moulds and remoulds — how hastily!— beast, and plant, and the babe, in turn: and that which dieth hath not slipped out of the order of nature, but, remaining therein, hath also its changes there, disparting into those elements of which nature herself, and thou too, art compacted. She changes without murmuring. The oaken chest falls to pieces with no more complaining than when the carpenter fitted it together. If one told thee certainly that on the morrow thou shouldst die, or at the farthest on the day after, it would be no great matter to thee to die on the day after to-morrow, rather than to-morrow. Strive to think it a thing no greater that thou wilt die — not to-morrow, but a year, or two years, or ten years from to-day.

"I find that all things are now as they were in the days of our buried ancestors — all things

sordid in their elements, trite by long usage, and yet ephemeral. How ridiculous, then, how like a countryman in town, is he, who wonders at aught. Doth the sameness, the repetition of the public shows, weary thee? Even so doth that likeness of events make the spectacle of the world a vapid one. And so must it be with thee to the end. For the wheel of the world hath ever the same motion, upward and downward, from generation to generation. When, when, shall time give place to eternity?

"If there be things which trouble thee thou canst put them away, inasmuch as they have their being but in thine own notion concerning them. Consider what death is, and how, if one does but detach from it the notions and appearances that hang about it, resting the eye upon it as in itself it really is, it must be thought of but as an effect of nature, and that man but a child whom an effect of nature shall affright. Nay! not function and effect of nature, only; but a thing profitable also to herself.

"To cease from action — the ending of thine effort to think and do:— there is no evil in that. Turn thy thought to the ages of man's life,— boyhood, youth, maturity, old age: the

change in every one of those also is a dying, but evil nowhere. Thou climbedst into the ship, thou hast made thy voyage and touched the shore: go forth now! Be it into some other life; the divine breath is everywhere, even there. Be it into forgetfulness forever; at least thou wilt rest from the beating of sensible images upon thee, from the passions which pluck thee this way and that like an unfeeling toy, from those long marches of the intellect, from thy toilsome ministry to the flesh.

"*Art thou yet more than dust and ashes and bare bone—a name only, or not even that name, which, also, is but whispering and a resonance, kept alive from mouth to mouth of dying abjects who have hardly known themselves; how much less thee, dead so long ago!*

"*When thou lookest upon a wise man, a lawyer, a captain of war, think upon another gone. When thou seest thine own face in the glass, call up there before thee one of thine ancestors—one of those old Cæsars. Lo! everywhere, they double before thee! Thereon, let the thought occur to thee:—And where are they? anywhere at all,*

forever? And thou, thyself — how long? Art thou blind to that thou art — thy matter, thy function, how temporal — the nature of thy business? Yet tarry, at least, till thou hast assimilated even these things to thine own proper essence, as a quick fire turneth into heat and light whatsoever be cast upon it.

"As words once in use are antiquated with us, so is it with the names that were once on all men's lips — Camillus, Volesus, Leonnatus: then, in a little while, Scipio and Cato, and then Augustus, and then Hadrian, and then Antonius Pius. How many great physicians who lifted wise brows at other men's sick-beds, have sickened and died? Those wise Chaldeans, who foretold, as a great matter, another man's last hour, have themselves been taken by surprise. Ay! and all those others, in their pleasant places — those who doated on a Capreæ like Tiberius, on their gardens, on the baths; Pythagoras and Socrates, who reasoned so closely upon immortality; Alexander, who used the lives of others as though his own should last for ever — he and his mule-driver alike now! — one upon another. Wellnigh the whole court of Antoninus is extinct. Panthea and Pergamus sit no longer beside the sepulchre

of their lord. The watchers over Hadrian's dust have slipped from his sepulchre.— It were jesting to stay longer. Did they sit there still, would the dead feel it? or feeling it, be glad; or glad, hold those watchers for ever? The time must come when they too shall be aged men and aged women, and decease, and fail from their places; and what shift were there then for imperial service? This too is but the breath of the tomb, and a skinful of dead men's blood.

"*Think again of those inscriptions, which belong not to one soul only, but to whole families*—ἔσχατος τοῦ ἰδίου γένους—*he was the last of his race. Nay! of the burial of whole cities*— Helice, Pompeii; *of others, whose very burial-place is unknown.*

"*Thou hast been a citizen in this wide city*— *Count not for how long, nor complain; since that which sends thee hence is no unrighteous judge, no tyrant; but Nature, who brought thee hither; as when a player leaves the stage at the bidding of the conductor who hired him. Sayest thou, 'I have not played five acts.' True! but in human life, three acts only make sometimes a complete play. That is the composer's business, not thine. Retire with*

a good will; for that too hath, perchance, a good will which dismisseth thee from thy part."

The discourse ended almost in darkness, the evening having set in somewhat suddenly, with a heavy fall of snow. The torches which had been made ready to do him a useless honour were of real service now, as the emperor was solemnly conducted home; one man rapidly catching light from another — a long stream of moving lights across the white Forum, up the great stairs, to the palace. And, in effect, that night winter began, the hardest that had been known for a lifetime. The wolves came from the mountains; and, led by the carrion scent, devoured the dead bodies which had been hastily buried during the plague, and, emboldened by their meal, crept, before the short day was well past, over the walls of the farm-yards of the *Campagna*. The eagles were seen driving the flocks of the smaller birds across the wintry sky. Only, in the city itself the winter was all the brighter for the contrast, among those who could pay for light and warmth. The habit-makers made a great sale of the spoil of

all such furry creatures as had escaped wolves and eagles, for presents at the *Saturnalia ;* and at no time had the winter roses from Carthage seemed more lustrously yellow and red.

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His specialty is Belles Lettres and the choice little editions of English publishers that are often difficult to obtain, or are unknown to the regular trade.

The Bibelot

A profound melancholy attaches to the fragments of SAPPHO. The zenith of her fame is stated to be 610 B.C., and as late as 360 A. D., her entire works apparently existed. After that period 'the rest is silence.'

It is due to chance, almost, that anything remains. For the little we have we owe to quotations imbedded in the treatises of dry-as-dust Scoliasts of our third century. Anti-pagan zeal disdained destroying these, and thus the incomparable verses of the greatest Greek lyrist known, come down to us.

No translation can ever adequately render Sappho: no translator even, hopes to do it. But for those who do not read Greek, all that can be reasonably demanded in English has been given in Mr. H. T. Wharton's scholarly volume:— SAPPHO, MEMOIR, TEXT, SELECT RENDERINGS AND A LITERAL TRANSLATION. (London: first

edition, 1885; second edition, 1887; third edition now in press.)

From this delightful little book THE BIBELOT *has chosen the more coherent fragments, (very many consist of a line, a word even,) and also prefixed some illustrative head-notes from the same source. Mr. Wharton's numbering of the fragments is likewise given.*

That there are exquisite things here, (notably Swinburne's paraphrases and Rossetti's adaptation—"One Girl,") needs must be seen without further editorial comment.

For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR JUNE:

SONNETS
on
ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS
(1590—1650.)

FRAGMENTS
from
SAPPHO.

"For always thee the fervid, languid glories
Allured of heavier suns in mightier skies;
Thine ears knew all the wandering watery sighs
Where the sea sobs round Lesbian promontories,
The barren kiss of piteous wave to wave
That knows not where is that Lucadian grave
Which hides too deep the supreme head of song.
Ah, salt and sterile as her kisses were,
The wild sea winds her and the green gulfs bear
Hither and thither, and vex and work her wrong,
Blind gods that cannot spare."

"THE world has suffered no greater literary loss than the loss of Sappho's poems. So perfect are the smallest fragments, . . that we muse in a sad rapture of astonishment to think what the complete poems must have been . . Of all the poets of the world, of all the illustrious artists of all literatures, Sappho is the one whose every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume, a seal of absolute perfection and inimitable grace.

"Whether addressing the maidens, whom even in Elysium as Horace says, Sappho could not forget; or embodying the profounder yearnings of an intense soul after beauty, which has never on earth existed, but which inflames the hearts of noblest poets, robbing their eyes of sleep and giving them the bitterness of tears to drink—these dazzling fragments . . are the ultimate and finished forms of passionate utterance . . in which the fire of the soul is crystallized forever."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

I

THE ODE TO APHRODITE.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, writing at Rome about 25 B. C., quotes this, commonly called *The Ode to Aphrodite*, as a perfect illustration of the elaborately finished style of poetry, showing in detail how its grace and beauty lie in the subtle harmony between the words and the ideas. Certain lines of it, though nowhere else the whole, are preserved by Hephaestion and other authors.

1

IMMORTAL *Aphrodite of the broidered throne, daughter of Zeus, weaver of wiles, I pray thee break not my spirit with anguish and distress, O Queen. But come hither, if ever before thou didst hear my voice afar, and listen, and leaving thy father's golden house camest with chariot yoked, and fair fleet sparrows drew thee, flapping fast their wings around the dark earth, from heaven through mid sky. Quickly arrived they; and thou, blessed one, smiling with immortal countenance, didst ask What now is befallen me, and Why now I call, and What I in my mad heart most desire to see. "What Beauty now wouldst thou draw to love thee? Who wrongs thee, Sappho? For even if she flies she shall soon follow, and if she rejects gifts shall*

yet give, and if she loves not shall soon love, however loth." Come, I pray thee, now too, and release me from cruel cares and all that my heart desires to accomplish, accomplish thou, and be thyself my ally.

HENRY T. WHARTON.

II

Star-throned incorruptible Aphrodite,
Child of Zeus, wile-weaving, I supplicate thee,
Tame not me with pangs of the heart, dread
mistress,
Nay, nor with anguish.
But come thou, if erst in the days departed
Thou didst lend thine ear to my lamentation,
And from far, the house of thy sire deserting,
Camest with golden
Car yoked: thee thy beautiful sparrows hurried
Swift with multitudinous pinions fluttering
Round black earth, adown from the height of
heaven
Through middle ether:
Quickly journeyed they; and, O thou, blest
Lady,
Smiling with those brows of undying lustre,
Asked me what new grief at my heart lay,
wherefore
Now I had called thee,

What I fain would have to assuage the torment
Of my frenzied soul; and whom now, to please thee,
Must persuasion lure to thy love, and who now,
Sappho, hath wronged thee?
Yea, for though she flies, she shall quickly chase thee;
Yea, though gifts she spurns, she shall soon bestow them;
Yea, though now she loves not, she soon shall love thee,
Yea, though she will not!
Come, come now too! Come, and from heavy heart-ache
Free my soul, and all that my longing yearns to
Have done, do thou; be thou for me thyself too
Help in the battle.

J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, 1883.

III

Swinburne's paraphrase may also be read with pleasure:

For I beheld in sleep the light that is
In her high place in Paphos, heard the kiss
Of body and soul that mix with eager tears
And laughter stinging through the eyes and ears:
Saw Love, as burning flame from crown to feet,

Imperishable, upon her storied seat;
Clear eyelids lifted toward the north and south,
A mind of many colours, and a mouth
Of many tunes and kisses; and she bowed,
With all her subtle face laughing aloud,
Bowed down upon me, saying, "Who doth thee wrong,
Sappho?" but thou — thy body is the song,
Thy mouth the music; thou art more than I,
Though my voice die not till the whole world die;
Though men that hear it madden; though love weep,
Though nature change, though shame be charmed to sleep.
Ay, wilt thou slay me lest I kiss thee dead?
Yet the queen laughed from her sweet heart and said:
"Even she that flies shall follow for thy sake,
And she shall give thee gifts that would not take,
Shall kiss that would not kiss thee" (yea, kiss me)
"When thou wouldst not" — when I would not kiss thee!

ANACTORIA.

II

THE ODE TO ANACTORIA.

Longinus, about 250 A. D., uses this, *The Ode to Anactoria*, or *To a beloved Woman*, or *To a Maiden*, as tradition variously names it, to illustrate the perfection of the Sublime in poetry, calling it "not one passion, but a congress of passions," and showing how Sappho had here seized upon the signs of love-frenzy and harmonized them into faultless phrase. Plutarch had, about 60 A. D., spoken of this ode as "mixed with fire," and quoted Philoxenus as referring to Sappho's "sweet-voiced songs healing love."

I

That man seems to me peer of gods, who sits in thy presence, and hears close to him thy sweet speech and lovely laughter; that indeed makes my heart flutter in my bosom. For when I see thee but a little, I have no utterance left, my tongue is broken down, and straightway a subtle fire has run under my skin, with my eyes I have no sight, my ears ring, sweat pours down, and a trembling seizes all my body; I am paler than grass, and seem in my madness little better than one dead. But I must dare all, since one so poor . . . .

HENRY T. WHARTON.

The famous imitation of this ode by Catullus, ii., *Ad Lesbiam*—

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
Qui sedens adversus ident idem te
Spectat et audit
Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi

* * * * *

Linqua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
Flamma demanat, sonitu suopte
Tintinant aures, gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte—

is thus translated by Mr. W. E. Gladstone:—

Him rival to the gods I place,
Him loftier yet, if loftier be,
Who, Lesbia, sits before thy face,
Who listens and who looks on thee;
Thee smiling soft. Yet this delight
Doth all my sense consign to death;
For when thou dawnest on my sight,
Ah, wretched! flits my labouring breath.

My tongue is palsied. Subtly hid
Fire creeps me through from limb to limb:
My loud ears tingle all unbid:
Twin clouds of night mine eyes bedim.

III

Peer of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful
Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,
Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee
Silverly speaking,
Laughing love's low laughter. Oh this, this only
Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!
For should I but see thee a little moment,
Straight is my voice hushed;
Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me
'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling;
Nothing see mine eyes, and a noise of roaring
Waves in my ear sounds;
Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes
All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,
Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter,
Lost in the love-trance.

J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, 1883.

III

Quoted by Eustathius of Thessalonica, late in the twelfth century to illustrate the simile in the Iliad, VIII, 551:—

"As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful.

TENNYSON.

The stars about the fair moon in their turn hide their bright face when she at about her full lights up all earth with silver.

The stars about the lovely moon
Fade back and vanish very soon,
When, round and full, her silver face
Swims into sight, and lights all space.

EDWIN ARNOLD, 1869.

Stars that shine around the refulgent full moon
Pale, and hide their glory of lesser lustre
When she pours her silvery plenilunar
Light on the orbed earth.

J. A. SYMONDS, 1883.

IV

Cited by Hermogenes, about 170 A. D., as an example of simple style, and to show the pleasure given by description. The fragment describes the gardens of the nymphs, which Demetrius, about 150 A. D., says were sung by Sappho.

And round about the [breeze] murmurs cool through apple-boughs, and slumber streams from quivering leaves.

Through orchard-plots with fragrance crowned
The clear cold fountain murmuring flows;
And forest leaves with rustling sound
Invite to soft repose.

J. H. MERIVALE.

All around through branches of apple-orchards
Cool streams call, while down from the leaves
a-tremble
Slumber distilleth.

J. A. SYMONDS, 1883.

V

Athenaeus, a native of Naucratis, who flourished about 230 A. D., quotes these verses as an example of the poet's custom of invoking Aphrodite in their pledges.

Come, goddess of Cyprus, and in golden cups serve nectar delicately mixed with delights.

Come, Venus, come
Hither with thy golden cup,
Where nectar-floated flowerets swim.
Fill, fill the goblet up;
These laughing lips shall kiss the brim,—
Come, Venus, come!

ANON. (*Edinburgh Review*, 1832.)

Kupris, hither
Come, and pour from goblets of gold the nectar
Mixed for love's and pleasure's delight with dainty
Joys of the banquet.

J. A. SYMONDS, 1883.

XXVIII

THE LOVES OF SAPPHO AND ALCAEUS.

Aristotle, in his *Rhetoric*, i. 9, about 330 B. C., says "base things dishonour those who do or wish them, as Sappho showed when Alcaeus said, '*Violet-weaving, pure, softly-smiling Sappho, I would say something, but shame restrains me,*'" and she answered him in the words of the present fragment.

Hadst thou felt desire for things good or noble, and had not thy tongue framed some evil speech, shame had not filled thine eyes, but thou hadst spoken honestly about it.

Alcaeus.—I fain would speak, I fain would tell,
But shame and fear my utterance quell.

Sappho.—If aught of good, if aught of fair
Thy tongue were labouring to declare,
Nor shame should dash thy glance, nor fear
Forbid thy suit to reach my ear.

ANON. (*Edinburgh Review*, 1832.)

XXXII

Dio Chrysostom, the celebrated Greek rhetorician, writing about 100 A. D., observes that Sappho says this "with perfect beauty."

Men I think will remember us even hereafter.

Compare Swinburne's —

Thou art more than I
Though my voice die not till the whole world die.

and —

Memories shall mix and metaphors of me.

and —

I Sappho shall be one with all these things,
With all high things for ever.

ANACTORIA.

XXXIII

Quoted by Hephaestion, about 150 A. D., as an example of metre. The verse stood at the beginning of the first ode of the second book of Sappho's poems.

I loved thee once, Atthis, long ago.

I *loved thee*,— hark, one tenderer note than all —

Atthis, of old time, once — one low long fall,
Sighing — one long low lovely loveless call,
Dying — one pause in song so flamelike fast —
Atthis, long since in old time overpast —
One soft first pause and last.
One, — then the old rage of rapture's fieriest
rain
Storms all the music-maddened night again.

SWINBURNE, *Songs of the Springtides.*

XXXVIII

Quoted in the *Etymologicum Magnum* as an example of Aeolic. It may have related to a sparrow, and been imitated by Catullus, 3, 6ff.:

Sweet, all honey: a bird that ever hailed her
Lady mistress, as hails the maid a mother.
Nor would move from her arms away: but only
Hopping round her, about her, hence or hither,
Piped his colloquy, piped to none beside her.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

And I flutter like a child after her mother.

Like a child whose mother's lost,
I am fluttering, terror-tost.

M. J. WALHOUSE.

XXXIX

Quoted by the Scholiast on Sophocles, *Electra*, 149, "the nightingale is the messenger of Zeus, because it is the sign of Spring."

Spring's messenger, the sweet-voiced nightingale.

The dear good angel of the Spring,
The nightingale.

BEN JONSON, *The Sad Shepherd*, Act ii.

The tawny sweet winged thing
Whose cry was but of Spring.

SWINBURNE, *Songs of the Springtides.*

XL

Now Love masters my limbs and shakes me, fatal creature, bitter-sweet.

Lo, Love once more, the limb-dissolving King,
The bitter-sweet impracticable thing,
Wild-beast-like rends me with fierce quivering.

J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, 1883.

Compare —

O Love, Love, Love! O withering might!

TENNYSON, *Fatima.*

O bitterness of things too sweet!

SWINBURNE, *Fragoletta.*

Sweet Love, that art so bitter.

SWINBURNE, *Tristram of Lyonesse.*

and the song in *Bothwell*, act i. sc. I:—

Surely most bitter of all sweet things thou art,
And sweetest thou of all things bitter, love.

LII

The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, the time is going by, and I sleep alone.

The silver moon is set;
The Pleiades are gone;
Half the long night is spent, and yet
I lie alone.

J. H. MERIVALE.

LIII

Quoted by Hephaestion as an example of Praxilleian verses, i. e. such as the Sicyonian poetess Praxilla (about B. C. 450) wrote in the metre known as the Ionic a majore trimeter brachycatalectic. Blass thinks that the lines are part of the same poem as that to which the succeeding fragment belongs.

The moon rose full, and the women stood as though around an altar.

LIV

Thus at times with tender feet the Cretan women dance in measure round the fair altar, trampling the fine soft bloom of the grass.

Mr. Moreton J. Walhouse thus combines the previous fragment with this:—

Then, as the broad moon rose on high,
The maidens stood the altar nigh;
And some in graceful measure
The well-loved spot danced round,
With lightsome footsteps treading
The soft and grassy ground.

LXII

Quoted by Hephaestion, and presumed to be Sappho's from a passage in Pausanias, where he says she learnt the name of the mythological personage Oetolĭnus from the poems of Pamphōs, a mythical poet of Attica earlier than Homer, and so to her Adonis was just like Oetolĭnus. The Linus-song was a very ancient dirge or lamentation, of which a version (or rather a late rendering, apparently Alexandrian) has been preserved by a Scholiast on Homer, running thus: "O Linus, honoured by all the gods, for to thee first they gave to sing a song to men in clear sweet sounds; Phoebus in envy slew thee, but the Muses lament thee." A charming example of what the Linus-song was in the third century B. C., remains for us in Bion's *Lament for Adonis*.

Delicate Adonis is dying, Cytherea; what shall we do? Beat your breasts, maidens, and rend your tunics.

LXVIII

From Stobaeus, about 500 A. D., as addressed to an uneducated woman. Plutarch quotes the fragment as written to a certain rich lady; but in another work he says the crown of roses was assigned to the Muses, for he remembered Sappho's having said to some unpolished and uneducated woman these same words. Aristides, about 150 A. D., speaks of Sappho's boastfully saying to some well-to-do woman, "that the Muses made her blest and worthy of honour, and that she should not die and be forgotten."

But thou shalt ever lie dead, nor shall there be any remembrance of thee then or thereafter, for thou hast not of the roses of Pieria; but thou shalt wander obscure even in the house of Hades, flitting among the shadowy dead.

In the cold grave where thou shalt lie
All memory too of thee shall die,
Who in this life's auspicious hours
Disdained Pieria's genial flowers;
And in the mansions of the dead,
With the vile crowd of ghosts, thy shade,
While nobler spirits point with scorn,
Shall flit neglected and forlorn.

—? FELTON.

Thee too the years shall cover; thou shalt be
As the rose born of one same blood with thee,
As a song sung, as a word said, and fall
Flower-wise, and be not any more at all,
Nor any memory of thee anywhere;
For never Muse has bound above thine hair
The high Pierian flowers whose graft outgrows
All Summer kinship of the mortal rose
And colour of deciduous days, nor shed
Reflex and flush of heaven about thine head.

SWINBURNE, *Anactoria.*

Thou liest dead, and there will be no memory
left behind
Of thee or thine in all the earth, for never
didst thou bind
The roses of Pierian streams upon thy brow;
thy doom
Is writ to flit with unknown ghosts in cold and
nameless gloom.

EDWIN ARNOLD, 1869.

Yea, thou shalt die,
And lie
Dumb in the silent tomb;

Nor of thy name
Shall there be any fame
  In ages yet to be or years to come:
For of the flowering Rose,
Which on Pieria blows,
  Thou hast no share:
But in sad Hades' house,
Unknown, inglorious,
  'Mid the dim shades that wander there
  Shalt thou flit forth and haunt the filmy air.

J A. SYMONDS, 1883.

When thou fallest in death, dead shalt thou lie,
    nor shall thy memory
Henceforth ever again ever be heard then or
    in days to be,
Since no flowers upon earth ever were thine,
    plucked from Pieria's spring,
Unknown also 'mid hell's shadowy throng
    thou shalt go wandering.

ANON., *Love in Idleness*, 1883.

LXIX

Quoted by Chrysippus. It is probably out of the same ode as the preceding.

No one maiden I think shall at any time see the sunlight that shall be as wise as thou.

Methinks no maiden ever
Will live beneath the sun
Who is as wise as thou art,—
Not e'en till Time is done.

LXX

Athenaeus, speaking of the care which the ancients bestowed upon dress, says Sappho thus jests upon Andromeda. Three other authors quote the same lines.

What country girl bewitches thy heart, who knows not now to draw her dress about her ankles?

What country maiden charms thee,
However fair her face,
Who knows not how to gather
Her dress with artless grace?

LXXVIII

Athenaeus, quoting this fragment, says:— "Sappho gives a more simple reason for our wearing garlands, speaking as follows . . . . in which lines she enjoins all who offer sacrifices to wear garlands on their heads, as they are beautiful things and acceptable to the Gods."

Do thou, Dica, set garlands round thy lovely hair, twining shoots of dill together with soft hands: for those who have fair flowers may best stand first, even in the favour of Goddesses; who turn their face away from those who lack garlands.

Here, fairest Rhopode, recline,
And 'mid thy bright locks intertwine,
With fingers soft as softest down,
The ever verdant parsley crown.
The Gods are pleased with flowers that bloom
And leaves that shed divine perfume,
But, if ungarlanded, despise
The richest offered sacrifice.

J. H. MERIVALE.

Mr. J. A. Symonds has also thus expanded the lines into a sonnet (1883):—

Bring summer flowers, bring pansy, violet,
Moss-rose and sweet-briar and blue columbine;
Bring loveliest leaves, rathe privet, eglantine,
Brown myrtles with the dews of morning wet:
Twine thou a wreath upon thy brows to set;
With thy soft hands the wayward tendrils twine;
Then place them, maiden, on those curls of thine,
Those curls too fair for gems or coronet.

Sweet is the breath of blossoms, and the Graces,
When suppliants through Love's temple wend their way,
Look down with smiles from their celestial places
On maidens wreathed with chaplets of the may;
But from the crownless choir they hide their faces,
Nor heed them when they sing nor when they pray.

XC

Sweet Mother, I cannot weave my web, broken as I am by longing for a maiden, at soft Aphrodite's will.

[As o'er her loom the Lesbian maid
In love sick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers strayed
She weeping turned away and said—]

"Oh, my sweet mother, 'tis in vain,
I cannot weave as once I wove,
So wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love."

T. MOORE, *Evenings in Greece.*

[Compare also Landor's exquisite lines:

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry;
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
But oh, who ever felt as I!

No longer could I doubt him true:
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.]

XCIII

Quoted by the Scholiast on Hermogenes, and by others, to explain the word, "sweet-apple," an apple grafted on a quince; it is used as a term of endearment by Theocritus (*Idyl* ii. 39), "Of thee, my love, my sweet-apple, I sing." Himerius, writing about 360 A. D., says: "Aphrodite's orgies we leave to Sappho of Lesbos, to sing to the lyre and make the bride-chamber her theme. She enters the chamber after the games, makes the room, spreads Homer's bed, assembles the maidens, leads them into the apartment with Aphrodite in the Graces' car and a band of Loves for playmates. Binding her tresses with hyacinth, except what is parted to fringe her forehead, she lets the rest wave to the wind if it chance to strike them. Their wings and curls she decks with gold, and drives them in procession before the car as they shake the torch on high." And particularly this: "It was for Sappho to liken the maiden to an apple, allowing to those who would pluck before the time to touch not even with the finger-tip, but to him who was to gather the apple in season to watch its ripe beauty; to compare the bridegroom with Achilles, to match the youth's deeds with the hero's." Further on he says: "Come then, we will lead him into the bride-chamber and persuade him to meet the beauty of the bride. O fair and lovely, the Lesbian's praises appertain to thee: thy playmates are rosy-ankled Graces and golden Aphrodite, and the Seasons make the meadows bloom."

As the sweet-apple blushes on the end of the bough, the very end of the bough, which the gatherers overlooked, nay overlooked not but could not reach.

XCIV

As on the hills the shepherds trample the hyacinth under foot, and the flower darkens on the ground.

Compare Catullus, xi. 21–24:—

Think not henceforth, thou, to recall Catullus'
Love; thy own sin slew it, as on the meadow's
Verge declines, un-gently beneath the plough-
share
Stricken, a flower.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

And Virgil, *Aeneid*, ix. 435, of Euryalus dying:—

And like the purple flower the plough cuts
down
He droops and dies.

Pines she like to the hyacinth out on the path
by the hill top;
Shepherds tread it aside, and its purples lie
lost on the herbage.

EDWIN ARNOLD, 1869.

ONE GIRL.

(A COMBINATION FROM SAPPHO.)

I

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the
topmost bough,
A-top on the topmost twig,—which the
pluckers forgot, somehow,—
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none
could get it till now.

II

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the
hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for
ever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the
ground.

D. G. ROSSETTI, 1870;

in 1881 he altered the title to *Beauty*. (*A combination from Sappho.*)

XCV

Evening, thou that bringest all that bright morning scattered; thou bringest the sheep, the goat, the child back to her mother.

Thus imitated by Byron:—

O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child too to its mother's breast.

Don Juan, iii. 107.

And by Tennyson:—

The ancient poetess singeth, that Hesperus all things bringeth,
Smoothing the wearied mind: bring me my love, Rosalind.
Thou comest morning or even; she cometh not morning or evening.
False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my sweet Rosalind?

Leonine Elegiacs, 1830–1884.

Hesperus brings all things back
Which the daylight made us lack,
Brings the sheep and goats to rest,
Brings the baby to the breast.

EDWIN ARNOLD, 1869.

Evening, all things thou bringest
Which dawn spread apart from each other;
The lamb and the kid thou bringest,
Thou bringest the boy to his mother.

J. A. SYMONDS, 1883.

Hesper, whom the poet call'd the Bringer
home of all good things.

TENNYSON,
Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, 1886.

CIX

From Demetrius, who quotes the fragment to show the grace of Sappho's style and the beauty of repetition.

A. *Maidenhood, maidenhood, whither art thou gone away from me?*
B. *Never again will I come to thee, never again.*

"Sweet Rose of May, sweet Rose of May,
Whither, ah whither fled away?"
"What's gone no time can e'er restore —
I come no more, I come no more."

J. H. MERIVALE.

CXVIII

The goddess here invoked as the "queen of women" appears to have been Artĕmis, the Diana of the Romans.

Maidens, dumb as I am, I speak thus, if any ask, and set before your feet a tireless voice: To Leto's daughter Aethopia was I dedicated by Arista daughter of Hermocleides son of Saonaïades, thy servant, O queen of women; whom bless thou, and deign to glorify our house.

ON A PRIESTESS OF DIANA.

Does any ask? I answer from the dead;
A voice that lives is graven o'er my head:
To dark-eyed Dian, ere my days begun,
Aristo vowed me, wife of Saon's son:
Then hear thy priestess, hear, O virgin Power,
And thy best gifts on Saon's lineage shower.

R.

CXIX

This is the dust of Timas, whom Persephone's dark chamber received, dead before her wedding; when she perished, all her fellows dressed with sharpened steel the lovely tresses of their heads.

This dust was Timas'; ere her bridal hour
She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower;
Her virgin playmates from each lovely head
Cut with sharp steel their locks, their strewments for the dead.

SIR CHARLES A. ELTON.

This is the dust of Timas, whom unwed
Persephone locked in her darksome bed:
For her the maids who were her fellows shore
Their curls, and to her tomb this tribute bore.

J. A. SYMONDS.

Ah the singing, ah the delight, the passion!
All the Loves wept, listening; sick with anguish,
Stood the crowned nine Muses about Apollo;
Fear was upon them,

While the tenth sang wonderful things they knew not.
Ah the tenth, the Lesbian!

. . . . .

All withdrew long since, and the land was barren,
Full of fruitless women and music only.
Now perchance, when winds are assuaged at sunset,
Lulled at the dewfall,

By the grey sea-side, unassuaged, unheard of,
Unbeloved, unseen in the ebb of the twilight,
Ghosts of outcast women return lamenting
Purged not in Lethe,

Clothed about with flame and with tears, and singing
Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven,
Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity,
Hearing, to hear them.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

First Edition, June, 1894.
Second Edition, January, 1895.
DUBLIN, IRELAND.

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HOMEWARD SONGS BY THE WAY

A.E.

Portland, Maine
THOMAS B. MOSHER
MDCCCXCV

Extract from a letter by
Mr. E. C. Stedman, to the
publisher of

HOMEWARD SONGS BY THE WAY.

"Let me congratulate you upon introducing these 'Homeward Songs' to the American reader, to whom, by natural selection they make a singular appeal. For their author is a near kinsman of Emerson, and strangely enough, we have in Ireland a crop-out after so long an interval, of the same insight and harmony concerning nature: the same sense of universal and indivisible Being."

March 29, 1895.

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The Bibelot

STUDENTS *of English literature are well aware that only within the past two decades could the Elizabethan dramatists be called accessible.*

To A. H. Bullen and W. C. Hazlitt, and to those earlier editors William Gifford and Alexander Dyce, gratitude must ever remain, somewhat tinctured though it may be by the difficulty of acquiring at any moderate sum the editions they so learnedly put forth. And Hazlitt's DODSLEY'S OLD PLAYS, *(1875), no doubt prepared a way for the incomparable* MERMAID SERIES, *still issuing at intervals, with which the name of the late Henry Vizetelly will always remain honorably associated as publisher.*

But more than all these, or indeed any other book extant, it is to Charles Lamb's SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS *(first published in 1808 and but yesterday re-edited by Professor Gollancz in the*

TEMPLE LIBRARY SERIES,) that our largest debt of love is due.

And few words are needed, these things thus touched upon, to introduce 'the matchless verse that will long remain the joy of enthusiasts for the great Elizabethans,'— the series of sonnets that Algernon Charles Swinburne printed in 1882: sonnets that are in a sense unique, to be reckoned with not only as splendid and impassioned poetry but as sound and satisfying criticism.

For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR JULY:

THE PATHOS
of
THE ROSE IN POETRY

SONNETS
on
ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS.
(1590—1650.)

"Ye rise not and ye set not; we that say
Ye rise and set like hopes that set and rise
Look yet but seaward from a land-locked bay;
But where at last the sea's line is the sky's
And truth and hope one sunlight in your eyes,
No sunrise and no sunset marks their day."

"WHAT a future lay before this country lass—the bride-elect of Shakspere's genius! . . . . Hers was Greene's meadows, watered by an English stream. Hers, Heywood's moss-grown manor-houses. Peele's goddess-haunted lawns were hers, and hers the palace-bordered, paved ways of Verona. Hers was the darkness of the grave, the charnel-house of Webster. She walked the air-built loggie of Lyly's dreams, and paced the clouds of Jonson's Masques. She donned that ponderous sock, and trod the measures of Volpone. She mouthed the mighty line of Marlowe. Chapman's massy periods and Marston's pointed sentences were hers by heart. She went abroad through primrose paths with Fletcher, and learned Shirley's lambent wit. She wandered amid dark, dry places of the outcast soul with Ford. 'Hamlet was hers. 'Anthony and Cleopatra' was hers And hers too was 'The Tempest'. Then, after many years, her children mated with famed poets in far distant lands. 'Faust' and 'Wallenstein,' 'Lucrezia Borgia' and 'Marion Delorme,' are hers."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

(Shakspere's Predecessors in the English Drama. 1884.)

PROEM.

ON LAMB'S SPECIMENS OF DRAMATIC POETS.

I

If all the flowers of all the fields on earth
By wonder-working summer were made one,
Its fragrance were not sweeter in the sun,
Its treasure-house of leaves were not more worth
Than those wherefrom thy light of musing mirth
Shone, till each leaf whereon thy pen would run
Breathed life, and all its breath was benison.
Beloved beyond all names of English birth,
More dear than mightier memories; gentlest name
That ever clothed itself with flower-sweet fame,
Or linked itself with loftiest names of old
By right and might of loving; I, that am
Less than the least of those within thy fold,
Give only thanks for them to thee, Charles Lamb.

II

So many a year had borne its own bright bees
And slain them since thy honey-bees were hived,
John Day, in cells of flower-sweet verse contrived
So well with craft of moulding melodies,
Thy soul perchance in amaranth fields at ease
Though not to hear the sound on earth revived
Of summer music from the spring derived
When thy song sucked the flower of flowering trees.
But thine was not the chance of every day:
Time, after many a darkling hour, grew sunny,
And light between the clouds ere sunset swam,
Laughing, and kissed their darkness all away,
When, touched and tasted and approved, thy honey
Took subtler sweetness from the lips of Lamb.

SONNETS ON ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS.

(1590–1650.)

I

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

CROWNED, girdled, garbed and shod with light and fire,
Son first-born of the morning, sovereign star!
Soul nearest ours of all, that wert most far,
Most far off in the abysm of time, thy lyre
Hung highest above the dawn-enkindled quire
Where all ye sang together, all that are,
And all the starry songs behind thy car
Rang sequence, all our souls acclaim thee sire.

'If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,'
And as with rush of hurtling chariots
The flight of all their spirits were impelled
Toward one great end, thy glory — nay, not then,
Not yet might'st thou be praised enough of men.

II

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NOT if men's tongues and angels' all in one
Spake, might the word be said that might speak
Thee.
Streams, winds, woods, flowers, fields, mountains,
yea, the sea,
What power is in them all to praise the sun?
His praise is this,—he can be praised of none.
Man, woman, child, praise God for him; but he
Exults not to be worshipped, but to be.
He is; and, being, beholds his work well done.
All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength, all mirth,
Are his: without him, day were night on earth.
Time knows not his from time's own period.
All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes, all lyres,
Fall dumb before him ere one string suspires.
All stars are angels; but the sun is God.

III

BEN JONSON.

BROAD-BASED, broad-fronted, bounteous, multiform,
With many a valley impleached with ivy and vine,
Wherein the springs of all the streams run wine,
And many a crag full-faced against the storm,
The mountain where thy Muse's feet made warm
Those lawns that revelled with her dance divine
Shines yet with fire as it was wont to shine
From tossing torches round the dance aswarm.

Nor less, high-stationed on the grey grave heights,
High-thoughted seers with heaven's heart-kindling lights
Hold converse: and the herd of meaner things
Knows or by fiery scourge or fiery shaft
When wrath on thy broad brows has risen, and laughed,
Darkening thy soul with shadow of thunderous wings.

IV

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

An hour ere sudden sunset fired the west,
Arose two stars upon the pale deep east.
The hall of heaven was clear for night's high feast,
Yet was not yet day's fiery heart at rest.
Love leapt up from his mother's burning breast
To see those warm twin lights, as day decreased,
Wax wider, till when all the sun had ceased
As suns they shone from evening's kindled crest.
Across them and between, a quickening fire,
Flamed Venus, laughing with appeased desire.
Their dawn, scarce lovelier for the gleam of tears,
Filled half the hollow shell 'twixt heaven and earth
With sound like moonlight, mingling moan and mirth,
Which rings and glitters down the darkling years.

V

PHILIP MASSINGER.

CLOUDS here and there arisen an hour past noon
Chequered our English heaven with lengthening bars
And shadow and sound of wheel-winged thunder-cars
Assembling strength to put forth tempest soon,
When the clear still warm concord of thy tune
Rose under skies unscared by reddening Mars
Yet, like a sound of silver speech of stars,
With full mild flame as of the mellowing moon.
Grave and great-hearted Massinger, thy face
High melancholy lights with loftier grace
Than gilds the brows of revel: sad and wise,
The spirit of thought that moved thy deeper song,
Sorrow serene in soft calm scorn of wrong,
Speaks patience yet from thy majestic eyes.

VI

JOHN FORD.

HEW hard the marble from the mountain's heart
Where hardest night holds fast in iron gloom
Gems brighter than an April dawn in bloom,
That his Memnonian likeness thence may start
Revealed, whose hand with high funereal art
Carved night, and chiselled shadow: be the tomb
That speaks him famous graven with signs of doom
Intrenched inevitably in lines athwart,
As on some thunder-blasted Titan's brow
His record of rebellion. Not the day
Shall strike forth music from so stern a chord,
Touching this marble: darkness, none knows how,
And stars impenetrable of midnight, may.
So looms the likeness of thy soul, John Ford.

VII

JOHN WEBSTER.

THUNDER: the flesh quails, and the soul bows down.
Night: east, west, south, and northward, very night.
Star upon struggling star strives into sight,
Star after shuddering star the deep storms drown.
The very throne of night, her very crown,
A man lays hand on, and usurps her right.
Song from the highest of heaven's imperious height
Shoots, as a fire to smite some towering town.
Rage, anguish, harrowing fear, heart-crazing crime,
Make monstrous all the murderous face of Time
Shown in the spheral orbit of a glass
Revolving. Earth cries out from all her graves.
Frail, on frail rafts, across wide-wallowing waves,
Shapes here and there of child and mother pass.

VII *

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

A SEA that heaves with horror of the night,
As maddened by the moon that hangs aghast
With strain and torment of the ravening blast,
Haggard as hell, a bleak blind bloody light;
No shore but one red reef of rock in sight,
Whereon the waifs of many a wreck were cast
And shattered in the fierce nights overpast
Wherein more souls toward hell than heaven took flight;
And 'twixt the shark-toothed rocks and swallowing shoals
A cry as out of hell from all these souls
Sent through the sheer gorge of the slaughtering sea,
Whose thousand throats, full-fed with life by death,
Fill the black air with foam and furious breath;
And over all these one star — Chastity.

---

* Not included in this sequence of Sonnets, but is to be found in Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads, Third Series* (1878). It is here given by the editor of THE BIBELOT, in what would seem to be the fitting place for it.

VIII

THOMAS DECKER.

Out of the depths of darkling life where sin
Laughs piteously that sorrow should not know
Her own ill name, nor woe be counted woe;
Where hate and craft and lust make drearier din
Than sounds through dreams that grief holds revel in;
What charm of joy-bells ringing, streams that flow,
Winds that blow healing in each note they blow,
Is this that the outer darkness hears begin?

O sweetest heart of all thy time save one,
Star seen for love's sake nearest to the sun,
Hung lamplike o'er a dense and doleful city,
Not Shakespeare's very spirit, howe'er more great,
Than thine toward man was more compassionate,
Nor gave Christ praise from lips more sweet with pity.

IX

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

A WILD moon riding high from cloud to cloud,
That sees and sees not, glimmering far beneath,
Hell's children revel along the shuddering heath
With dirge-like mirth and raiment like a shroud:
A worse fair face than witchcraft's, passion-proud,
With brows blood-flecked behind their bridal wreath
And lips that bade the assassin's sword find sheath
Deep in the heart whereto love's heart was vowed:
A game of close contentious crafts and creeds
Played till white England bring black Spain to shame:
A son's bright sword and brighter soul, whose deeds
High conscience lights for mother's love and fame:
Pure gipsy flowers, and poisonous courtly weeds:
Such tokens and such trophies crown thy name.

X

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Tom, if they loved thee best who called thee Tom,
What else may all men call thee, seeing thus bright
Even yet the laughing and the weeping light
That still thy kind old eyes are kindled from?
Small care was thine to assail and overcome
Time and his child Oblivion: yet of right
Thy name has part with names of lordlier might
For English love and homely sense of home,
Whose fragrance keeps thy small sweet bayleaf young
And gives it place aloft among thy peers
Whence many a wreath once higher strong Time has hurled:
And this thy praise is sweet on Shakespeare's tongue—
'O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world!'

XI

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

HIGH priest of Homer, not elect in vain,
Deep trumpets blow before thee, shawms behind
Mix music with the rolling wheels that wind
Slow through the labouring triumph of thy train:
Fierce history, molten in thy forging brain,
Takes form and fire and fashion from thy mind,
Tormented and transmuted out of kind:
But howsoe'er thou shift thy strenuous strain,
Like Tailor [1] smooth, like Fisher [2] swollen, and now
Grim Yarrington [3] scarce bloodier marked than thou,
Then bluff as Mayne's [4] or broad-mouthed Barry's [5] glee,
Proud still with hoar predominance of brow
And beard like foam swept off the broad blown sea,
Where'er thou go, men's reverence goes with thee.

1 Author of *The Hog hath lost his Pearl.*
2 Author of *Fuimus Troes, or the True Trojans.*
3 Author of *Two Tragedies in One.*
4 Author of *The City Match.*
5 Author of *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks.*

XII

JOHN MARSTON.

THE bitterness of death and bitterer scorn
Breathes from the broad-leafed aloe-plant whence thou
Wast fain to gather for thy bended brow
A chaplet by no gentler forehead worn.
Grief deep as hell, wrath hardly to be borne,
Ploughed up thy soul till round the furrowing plough
The strange black soil foamed, as a black beaked prow
Bids night-black waves foam where its track has torn.
Too faint the phrase for thee that only saith
Scorn bitterer than the bitterness of death
Pervades the sullen splendour of thy soul,
Where hate and pain make war on force and fraud
And all the strengths of tyrants; whence unflawed
It keeps this noble heart of hatred whole.

JOHN DAY.

DAY was a full-blown flower in heaven, alive
With murmuring joy of bees and birds aswarm,
When in the skies of song yet flushed and warm
With music where all passion seems to strive
For utterance, all things bright and fierce to drive
Struggling along the splendour of the storm,
Day for an hour put off his fiery form,
And golden murmurs from a golden hive
Across the strong bright summer wind were heard,
And laughter soft as smiles from girls at play
And loud from lips of boys brow-bound with May.
Our mightiest age let fall its gentlest word,
When Song, in semblance of a sweet small bird,
Lit fluttering on the light swift hand of Day.

XIV

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE dusk of day's decline was hard on dark
When evening trembled round thy glowworm lamp
That shone across her shades and dewy damp
A small clear beacon whose benignant spark
Was gracious yet for loiterers' eyes to mark,
Though changed the watchword of our English camp
Since the outposts rang round Marlowe's lion ramp,
When thy steed's pace went ambling round Hyde Park.

And in the thickening twilight under thee
Walks Davenant, pensive in the paths where he,
The blithest throat that ever carolled love
In music made of morning's merriest heart,
Glad Suckling, stumbled from his seat above
And reeled on slippery roads of alien art.

XV

THE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN.

Sons born of many a loyal Muse to Ben,
All true-begotten, warm with wine or ale,
Bright from the broad light of his presence, hail!
Prince Randolph, nighest his throne of all his men,
Being highest in spirit and heart who hailed him then
King, nor might other spread so blithe a sail:
Cartwright, a soul pent in with narrower pale,
Praised of thy sire for manful might of pen:
Marmion, whose verse keeps alway keen and fine
The perfume of their Apollonian wine
Who shared with that stout sire of all and thee
The exuberant chalice of his echoing shrine:
Is not your praise writ broad in gold which he
Inscribed, that all who praise his name should see?

XVI

ANONYMOUS PLAYS:

'ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.'

MOTHER whose womb brought forth our man of men,
Mother of Shakespeare, whom all time acclaims
Queen therefore, sovereign queen of English dames,
Throned higher than sat thy sonless empress then,
Was it thy son's young passion-guided pen
Which drew, reflected from encircling flames,
A figure marked by the earlier of thy names
Wife, and from all her wedded kinswomen
Marked by the sign of murderess? Pale and great,
Great in her grief and sin, but in her death
And anguish of her penitential breath
Greater than all her sin or sin-born fate,
She stands, the holocaust of dark desire,
Clothed round with song for ever as with fire.

XVII

ANONYMOUS PLAYS.

YE too, dim watchfires of some darkling hour,
Whose fame forlorn time saves not nor proclaims
For ever, but forgetfulness defames
And darkness and the shadow of death devour,
Lift up ye too your light, put forth your power,
Let the far twilight feel your soft small flames
And smile, albeit night name not even their names,
Ghost by ghost passing, flower blown down on flower:
That sweet-tongued shadow, like a star's that passed
Singing, and light was from its darkness cast
To paint the face of Painting fair with praise:[1]
And that wherein forefigured smiles the pure
Fraternal face of Wordsworth's Elidure
Between two child-faced masks of merrier days.[2]

1 *Doctor Dodypol.* 2 *Nobody and Somebody.*

XVIII

ANONYMOUS PLAYS.

MORE yet and more, and yet we mark not all:
The Warning fain to bid fair women heed
Its hard brief note of deadly doom and deed;[1]
The verse that strewed too thick with flowers the hall
Whence Nero watched his fiery festival;[2]
That iron page wherein men's eyes who read
See, bruised and marred between two babes that bleed,
A mad red-handed husband's martyr fall;[3]
The scene which crossed and streaked with mirth the strife
Of Henry with his sons and witchlike wife;[4]
And that sweet pageant of the kindly fiend,
Who, seeing three friends in spirit and heart made one,
Crowned with good-hap the true-love wiles he screened
In the pleached lanes of pleasant Edmonton.[5]

1 *A Warning for Fair Women.*
2 *The Tragedy of Nero.*
3 *A Yorkshire Tragedy.*
4 *Look about you.*
5 *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

XIX

THE MANY

I

GREENE, garlanded with February's few flowers,
Ere March came in with Marlowe's rapturous rage:
Peele, from whose hand the sweet white locks of age
Took the mild chaplet woven of honoured hours:
Nash, laughing hard: Lodge, flushed from lyric bowers:
And Lilly, a goldfinch in a twisted cage
Fed by some gay great lady's pettish page
Till short sweet songs gush clear like short spring showers:
Kid, whose grim sport still gambolled over graves:
And Chettle, in whose fresh funereal verse
Weeps Marian yet on Robin's wildwood hearse:
Cooke, whose light boat of song one soft breath saves,
Sighed from a maiden's amorous mouth averse:
Live likewise ye: Time takes not you for slaves.

THE MANY.

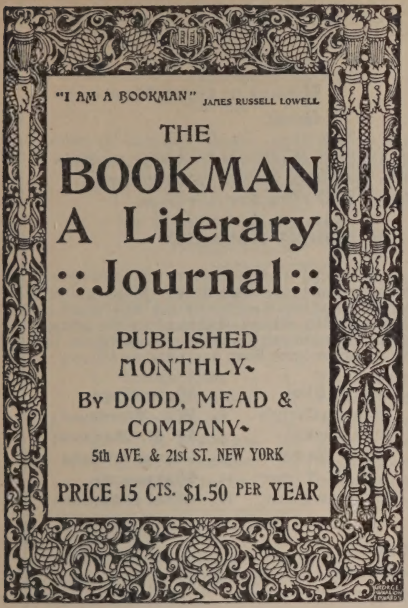
II

HAUGHTON, whose mirth gave woman all her will:
Field, bright and loud with laughing flower and bird
And keen alternate notes of laud and gird:
Barnes, darkening once with Borgia's deeds the quill
Which tuned the passion of Parthenophil:
Blithe burly Porter, broad and bold of word:
Wilkins, a voice with strenuous pity stirred:
Turk Mason: Brewer, whose tongue drops honey still:
Rough Rowley, handling song with Esau's hand:
Light Nabbes: lean Sharpham, rank and raw by turns,
But fragrant with a forethought once of Burns
Soft Davenport, sad-robed, but blithe and bland:
Brome, gipsy-led across the woodland ferns:
Praise be with all, and place among our band.

EPILOGUE.

OUR mother, which wast twice, as history saith,
Found first among the nations: once, when she
Who bore thine ensign saw the God in thee
Smite Spain, and bring forth Shakespeare: once, when death
Shrank, and Rome's bloodhounds cowered, at Milton's breath:
More than thy place, then first among the free,
More than that sovereign lordship of the sea
Bequeathed to Cromwell from Elizabeth,
More than thy fiery guiding-star, which Drake
Hailed, and the deep saw lit again for Blake,
More than all deeds wrought of thy strong right hand,
This praise keeps most thy fame's memorial strong,
That thou wast head of all these streams of song,
And time bows down to thee as Shakespeare's land.

"The Busy Man's Literary Journal."



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The Bibelot

HESTERNA ROSA has never had more adequate handling than in this delightful article by the late JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

It is the peculiar merit of all Mr. Symonds' critical work that in it he imparts knowledge in a kindly way; one feels the man behind the book to be a personal friend.

His was indeed the magic touch and sense of poetic beauty supreme; and though there are those who underrate his scholarship, (notably Mr. J. C. Collins, and much more regrettably Mr. Andrew Lang,) the author of the RENAISSANCE IN ITALY could at will make an otherwise dreary waste of book-lore fascinating to us.

ROS ROSARUM was fortunate in finding a reviewer with such sympathetic insight. Few rose-gardens have been made with so little pretense that are so rarely beautiful. Unlike the roses it perpetuates, 'tis a book

of fading flowers that will not fade itself, or be wasted by the coming years. It has garnered for all time some of the loviest lyrics in all Literature.

To these, then, let us go.

For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR AUGUST:

LYRICS
from
JAMES THOMSON.
(B. V.)

THE PATHOS
of
THE ROSE IN POETRY.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head."

"AND the wild-Roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could re-create the Rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The Rose of youth restore?"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE PATHOS OF THE ROSE IN POETRY.

SOME five years ago there appeared a little volume, named "Ros Rosarum ex Horto Poetarum,"[1] and bearing upon its title-page the well-known initials of E. V. B., under which the Hon. Mrs. Richard Cavendish Boyle has given several works of combined literary and artistic merit to the world. This volume is an anthology culled from the poetry of all languages and ages upon the theme of the rose. To make such a collection at once complete would have been almost impossible; and a book not quite complete, like Mrs. Boyle's "Ros Rosarum," has the advantage of suggestiveness and stimulation to the fancy of the reader, which an exhaustive anthology of rose-literature would have failed to convey.

Studying its pages with close attention, I observed that Mrs. Boyle had omitted two important passages in Latin poetry which may be regarded as the twin fountain-heads of a large amount of verses written upon

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1 *Ros Rosarum ex Horto Poetarum: Dew of the Ever-Living Rose gathered from the Poets' Gardens of Many Lands. By "E. V. B." London, 1885.*

roses in the modern world. On turning to Catullus and Ausonius and comparing the passages in question with some stanzas by Poliziano, Ariosto, Tasso, Guarini, Spenser, Herrick, Waller, Ronsard, and other modern poets, I was so much struck with the examples of literary derivation they afforded, that I composed the following essay, which I now present as an attempt to study the forms of hybridism in poetry.

The first of the two passages in question occurs in the second Epithalamium of Catullus:

Ut flos in sæptis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber;
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quem tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ:
Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est,
Quom castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jocunda manet, nec cara puellis.

It will be noticed that Catullus does not specialise the rose. He speaks indifferently of a flower. But when we examine the imitations of these lines by modern poets, we shall see how their instinct appropriated

to the rose the honours of the suggestion. I may also point out that the poet dwells only on the fact that a flower, up-growing on its native stalk, nourished into bloom by the powers of nature, is desirable to all who gaze upon it; but when it has been plucked, the cut flower raises no desire; and so, Catullus says, it is with maidens also.

For English readers I will roughly paraphrase these untranslateable hexameters:

The flower that, closed by garden walls, doth blow,
Which no plough wounds, and no rude cattle know,
But breezes fan, sun fosters, showers shoot higher,
It many lads and many maids desire;
The same, when cropped by cruel hand it fades,
No lads at all desire it, nor no maids:
E'en so the girl, so long her youth doth last
Untouched, on her kind friends affection cast;
But when she stoops to folly, sheds her bloom,
For lads, for maids, hath flown her chaste perfume.

The second of the two classic passages to which I have referred is an Idyll by Ausonius. This poet, who lived from 309 to 392 A. D., was half pagan and half Christian. His genius floated in the atmosphere of the decaying Roman Empire, between influences of the past and future. But what his religious creed was does not

greatly signify. As a writer, he expressed, at the latest close of antique culture, something of the spirit which appears in mediæval, and which pervades modern literature, the spirit of sympathy with nature, and the sense of pathos in ephemeral things. It was Ausonius, then, who wrote the following Idyll on the Rose:

Ver erat et blando mordentia frigora sensu
Spirabat croceo mane revecta dies.
Strictior Eoos præcesserat aura jugales,
Æstiferum suadens anticipare diem.
Errabam riguis per quadrua compita in hortis,
Maturo cupiens me vegetare die.
Vidi concretas per gramina flexa pruinas
Pendere, aut olerum stare cacuminibus;
Caulibus et patulis teretes colludere guttas,
Et cœlestis aquæ pondere tunc gravidas.
Vidi Pæstano candere rosaria cultu,
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.
Rara pruinosis canebat gemma frutetis,
Ad primi radios interitura die.
Ambigeres, raperetve rosis Aurora ruborem,
An daret, et flores tingeret orta dies.
Ros unus, color unus, et unum mane duorum,
Sideris et floris nam domina una Venus.
Forsan et unus odor: sed celsior ille per auras
Difflatur, spirat proximus ille magis.
Communis Paphie dea sideris et dea floris
Præcipit unius muricis esse babitum.

Momentum intererat, quo se nascentia florum
Germina comparibus dividerent spatiis.
Hæc viret angusto foliorum tecta galero
Hæc tenui folio purpura rubra notat.
Hæc aperit primi fastigia celsa obelisci,
Mucronem absolvens purpurei capitis.
Vertice collectos illa exsinuabat amictus,
Jam meditans foliis se numerare suis:
Nec mora, ridentis calathi patefecit honorem,
Prodens inclusi semina densa croci.
Hæc modo, quæ toto rutilaverat igne comarum,
Pallida collapsis deseritur foliis.
Mirabar celerem fugitiva ætate rapinam,
Et, dum nascuntur, consenuisse rosas.
Ecce, et defluxit rutili coma punica floris,
Dum loquor, et tellus tecta rubore micat.
Tot species tantosque ortus variosque novatus
Una dies aperit, conficit una dies.
Conquerimur Natura, brevis quod gratia florum est?
Ostentata oculis illico dona rapis.
Quam longa una dies, ætas tam longa rosarum,
Quas pubescentes juncta senecta premit.
Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Eous,
Hanc rediens sero vespere vidit anum.
Sed bene, quod paucis licet interitura diebus,
Succedens ævum prorogat ipsa suum.
Collige, virgo, rosas, dum flos novus et nova pubes,
Et memor esto ævum sic properare tuum.

In the course of our analysis we shall see what parts of this Idyll were selected for imitation by modern poets, and what parts they omitted. The beautiful imaginative

lines (12-22) in which the morning star and the rose are brought beneath the common guardianship of Venus, have, so far as I know, not been seized upon; although one thought contained in them, that possibly the star may be no less fragrant than the flower, is very modern in its fancy. But first it will be well to call attention to the fact that, while Catullus used the flower of his metaphor only as a symbol of virginity, Ausonius enters into communion with the rose herself as a living creature. For him the flower is no mere emblem. The reflections upon human life which it suggests are only brought forward at the conclusion of his poem, which, in its main structure, is a studied picture of external objects lovingly observed. Another point should be noticed. His sympathy with the short bloom-time of the rose makes him draw from nature pathos which he afterwards applies to man. Hitherto, in classic literature, the rose had been a symbol of love and gladness, celebrated as the ornament of Aphrodite, the pledge of passion, and the chief decoration of life's banquet. In all the authors who praised the rose, from Sappho to the false

Anacreon and Philostratus, I remember none who dwelt with insistance on its brevity of beauty. Writing even of dead roses, the anonymous poet of the Anacreontics thinks of their perfume.

χαρίεν ῥόδων δὲ γῆρας
νεότητος ἔσχεν ὀζμήν·

It remained for Ausonius, in the crepuscular interspace between the sunset of the antique and the night which came before the sunrise of the modern age, to develop thus elaborately the motive of fragility in rose life and in human loveliness. For English readers I have made a translation of his idyll, which may enable them "as in a glass darkly" to perceive its subdued lustre.

'Twas spring, and dawn returning breathed new-born
From saffron skies the bracing chill of morn.
Before day's orient chargers went a breeze,
That whispered: Rise, the sweets of morning seize!
In watered gardens where the cross-paths ran,
Freshness and health I sought ere noon began:
I watched from bending grasses how the rime
In clusters hung, or gemmed the beds of thyme;
How the round beads, on herb and leaf outspread,
Rolled with the weight of dews from heaven's height
shed;

Saw the rose-gardens in their Pæstan bloom
Hoar 'neath the dawn-star rising through the gloom.
On every bush those separate splendours gleam,
Doomed to be quenched by day's first arrowy beam.
Here might one doubt: doth morn from roses steal
Their redness, or the rose with dawn anneal?
One hue, one dew, one morn makes both serene;
Of star and flower one Venus reigns the queen.
Perchance one scent have they; the star's o'erhead
Far, far exhales, the flower's at hand is shed.
Goddess of star, goddess of rose no less,
The Paphian flings o'er both her crimson dress.
Now had the moment passed wherein the brood
Of clustering buds seemed one twin sisterhood.
This flower, enlaced with leaves, shows naught but green;
That shoots a roseate streak from forth the screen:
One opes her pyramid and purple spire,
Emerging into plenitude of fire:
Another thrusts her verdant veil aside,
Counting her petals one by one with pride:
Expands her radiant cup of gorgeous hue,
And brings dense hidden veins of gold to view:
She who had burned erewhile, a flower of flame,
Now pales and droops her fainting head with shame:—
So that I mused how swift time steals all worth,
How roses age and wither with their birth;
Yea, while I speak, the flower with crimson crowned
Hath fallen and shed her glories on the ground.
So many births, forms, fates with changes fraught,
One day begins and one day brings to naught!
Grieve we that flowers should have so short a grace,
That Nature shows and steals her gifts apace?

Long as the day, so long the red rose lasts;
Eld following close on youth her beauty blasts:
That flower which Phosphor newly-born had known,
Hesper returning finds a wrinkled crone:
Yet well if, though some brief days past she die,
Her life be lengthened through posterity!
Pluck roses, girl, when flower, when youth is new,
Mindful the while that thus time flies for you.

These, then, are the two Latin sources which I wish to bring before the students of rose-literature in modern poetry. One of them is a passage from a marriage song by Catullus, the other an Idyll by Ausonius. I have next to show how, after the revival of letters, they were severally or in combination used by European poets. In this part of my task I shall not seek after exhaustiveness, but shall content myself with such specimens as occur readily to the memory.

I said that the Greek and Latin poets of a good period rarely used the rose as a symbol of human fragility. This requires some modification. The myths connected with flowers—hyacinth, narcissus, anemone—are themselves suggestive of sadness; but in these a god's beloved has become a plant which blooms each year with the recurring season. Therefore, this contemplation of

the flower derives its sentiment rather from the promise of continuity and immortality in nature, than from the pathos of temporal decay. The rose, it may be parenthetically observed, in one version of the death of Adonis, was said to have sprung from his blood, the anemone from Aphrodite's tears.[2]

δάκρυα δ' ἁ Παφίη, τόσσ' ἐκχέει, ὅσσον Ἄδωνις
αἷμα χέει· τὰ δὲ πάντα ποτὶ χθονὶ γίγνεται ἄνθη·
αἷμα ῥόδον τίκτει, τὰ δὲ δάκρυα τὰν ἀνεμώναν·

Tears the Paphian shed, drop by drop for the drops of Adonis'
Blood, and on earth each drop, as it fell, grew into a blossom;
Roses sprang from the blood, and the tears gave birth to the wind-flower.

Those beautiful similes, again, in which Homer and Virgil likened a young man stricken by death upon the battle-field to a poppy, or hyacinth, or olive broken from its stem, were symbols, not of the short prime of beauty, but of its sudden and unseasonable extinction; nor was the rose, so far as I

2 *Bion's "Lament for Adonis," 64-66. The lines are probably a late interpolation.*

remember, employed even in this way. That was reserved for a modern poet, Ariosto, who compared the mouth of dying Zerbino to a waning rose.3

Languidetta come rosa,
Rosa non colta in sua stagione, sì ch' ella
Impallidisca in su la siepe ombrosa.

Languid like a rose,
A rose not plucked in her due season, so
That she must fade upon the dim hedgerows.

Yet two passages may be noticed in which poets of a good age compared the rose in her brief season to the fleeting loveliness of youth.4

καὶ τὸ ῥόδον καλόν ἐστι, καὶ ὁ χρόνος αὐτὸ
μαραίνει·
καὶ τὸ ἴον καλόν ἐστιν ἐν ἔαρι, καὶ ταχὺ γηρᾷ·
καὶ κάλλος καλόν ἐστι τὸ παιδικόν, ἀλλ' ὀλίγον ζῇ·

Fair is the rose, but time consumes her flower;
Fair the spring violet, but soon it fades;
And fair is boyish beauty, but short-lived.

Ovid, perhaps with these lines in his memory, wrote as follows:5

3 *"Orl. Fur.," xxiv., 80.*

4 *Theocritus, Idyll xxiii. 29. This Idyll is probably not by Theocritus, but by an imitator.*

5 *"Ars Amandi," ii., 115.*

Nec violæ semper, nec hiantia lilia florent;
Et viget amissa spina relicta rosa.
Et tibi jam cani venient, formose, capilli;
Jam venient rugæ quæ tibi corpus arent.

Not always violets nor lilies bloom;
The sharp thorn bristles in the rose's room,
And thus for thee, fair boy, shall gray hairs grow,
While envious time delves wrinkles on thy brow.

I might also quote an epigram of Rufinus to Rhodocleia, in which he bids her bind blossoms on her brow, reminding her the while that:

ἀνθεῖς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στέφανος·

For time fades thee as he fades the roses;
Nor they nor thou may revive again.

Such, before the date of Ausonius, were the slender contributions of classic poets to the pathos of rose-literature.

With the revival of letters in the fifteenth century the passages from Catullus and Ausonius which I have chosen as the themes for my discourse, fell like seeds on fertile soil in Italy, and bore abundant flowers of poetry, which spread their perfume, afterwards, through Europe. The melancholy which survived from mediæval-

ism at that epoch, and the vivid interest in nature which characterised the Renaissance, combined to draw the attention of scholar-poets to the idyll of Ausonius. This idyll, or elegy, as it might better be called, reappears, but slightly altered, and with some distinctive additions, in the "Corinto" of Lorenzo de' Medici:

L' altra mattina in un mio piccolo orto
Andavo: e 'l sol sorgente con suoi rai
Uscía, non già ch io lo vedessi scorto.
Sonvi piantati dentro alcuni rosai;
A quai rivolsi le mie vaghe ciglie
Per quel che visto non avevo mai.
Eranvi rose candide e vermiglie:
Alcuna a foglia a foglia al sol si spiega;
Stretta prima, poi par s' apra scompiglie;
Altra più giovinetta si dislega
Appena dalla boccia: eravi ancora
Chi le sue chiuse foglie all' aer niega;
Altra cadendo a piè il terreno inflora.
Cosi le vidi nascere e morire
E passar lor vaghezza in men d' un' ora.
Quando languenti e pallide vidi ire
Le foglie a terra, allor mi venne a mente
Che vana cosa è il giovenil fiorire.
Ogni arbore ha i suoi fiori: e immantinente
Poi le tenere frondi al sol si piegano
Quando rinnovellar l' aere si sente.

I piccol frutti ancor informi allegano;
Ch' a poco a poco talor tanto ingrossano,
Che pel gran peso i forti rami piegano,
Nè senza gran periglio portar possano
Il proprio peso; appena regger sogliono
Crescendo, ad or ad ora se l'addossono.
Vien poi l'autunno, e maturi si cogliono
I dolci pomi: e passato il bel tempo,
Di fior di frutti e fronde al fin si spogliono.
Cogli la rosa, o ninfa, or ch' è il bel tempo.

I will give my own English version of this piece:

Into a little close of mine I went
One morning, when the sun with his fresh light
Was rising all refulgent and unshent.
Rose-trees are planted there in order bright,
Whereto I turned charmed eyes, and long did stay,
Taking my fill of that new-found delight.
Red and white roses bloomed upon the spray;
One opened, leaf by leaf, to greet the morn,
Shyly at first, then in sweet disarray;
Another, yet a youngling, newly born,
Scarce struggled from the bud, and there were some
Whose petals closed them from the air forlorn;
Another fell, and showered the grass with bloom;
Thus I beheld the roses dawn and die,
And one short hour their loveliness consume.
But while I watched those languid petals lie
Colourless on cold earth, I could but think
How vain a thing is youthful bravery.

Trees have their time to bloom on winter's brink;
Then the rathe blossoms wither in an hour,
When the brief days of spring toward summer sink
The fruit, as yet unformed, is tart and sour;
Little by little it grows large, and weighs
The strong boughs down with slow persistent power;
Nor without peril can the branches raise
Their burden; now they stagger 'neath the weight
Still growing, and are bent above the ways;
Soon autumn comes, and the ripe, ruddy freight
Is gathered: the glad season will not stay;
Flowers, fruit, and leaves are now all desolate.
Pluck the rose, therefore, maiden, while 'tis May!

Here we have the *Collige virgo rosas*, "Gather ye roses while ye may," translated from the autumn of antique to the April of modern poetry, and that note is echoed through all the love-literature of the Renaissance. Lorenzo, be it observed, has followed his model, not only in the close, but also in the opening of the passage. Side by side with this Florentine transcript from Ausonius I will now place Poliziano's looser, but more poetical handling of the same theme, subjoining my version of his ballata.

I' mi trovai, fanciulle, un bel mattino
Di mezzo maggio in un verde giardino.
Eran d'intorno violette e gigli
Fra l' erba verde, e vaghi fior novelli,

Azurri gialli candidi e vermigli:
Ond' io porsi la mano a cor di quelli
Per adornar e' mie' biondi capelli
E cinger di grillanda el vago crino.
I' mi trovai, etc.

Ma poi ch' i' ebbi pien di fiori un lembo,
Vidi le rose e non pur d' un colore:
Io corsi allor per empier tutto el grembo,
Perch' era si soave il loro odore
Che tutto mi senti' destar el core
Di dolce voglia e d' un piacer divino.
I' mi trovai, etc.

I' posi mente: quelle rose allora,
Mai non vi potre' dir quant' eran belle:
Quale scoppiava della boccia ancora;
Qual' erano un po' passe e qual novelle.
Amor mi disse allor: — Va' cô' di quelle
Che più vedi fiorite in sullo spino.
I' mi trovai, etc.

Quando la rosa ogni suo' foglia spande,
Quando è più pella, quando è più gradita;
Allora è buona a mettere in ghirlande,
Prima che sua belleza sia fuggita:
Sicchè, fanciulle, mentre è più fiorita,
Cogliàn la bella rosa del giardino.
I' mi trovai, etc.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

Violets and lilies grew on every side
Mid the green grass, and young flowers wonderful,
Golden, and white, and red, and azure-eyed;

Toward which I stretched my hands, eager to pull
Plenty to make my fair curls beautiful,
To crown my rippling curls with garlands gay.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

But when my lap was full of flowers I spied
Roses at last, roses of every hue;
Therefore I ran to pluck their ruddy pride,
Because their perfume was so sweet and true
That all my soul went forth with pleasure new,
With yearning and desire too soft to say.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

I gazed and gazed. Hard task it were to tell
How lovely were the roses in that hour:
One was but peeping from her verdant shell,
And some were faded, some were scarce in flower.
Then Love said: Go, pluck from the blooming bower
Those that thou seest ripe upon the spray.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

For when the full rose quits her tender sheath,
When she is sweetest and most fair to see,
Then is the time to place her in thy wreath,
Before her beauty and her freshness flee.
Gather ye therefore roses with great glee,
Sweet girls, or e'er their perfume pass away.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

Much might be written about the different styles in which Lorenzo de' Medici and Poliziano severally treated the theme suggested to them by Ausonius. Lorenzo is minute in detail, sober in reflection; Poliziano employs slighter touches with an airier grace and freer flight of fancy. The one produces a careful study from nature by the light of his classical model; the other sings a new song, soaring high above the beaten track of imitation. The description of the rose-garden, of the roses in their several degrees of expansion, and the concluding moral, have been all etherealised in the ballata. But space forbids me to enter into further critical particulars.

Before quitting Poliziano, I will collect a few passages from his poems which seem to be derived from the same source of Latin inspiration. In his "Giostra" (lib. i., st. 78) he thus describes the rose:

Ma vie più lieta più ridente e bella
Ardisce aprire il seno al sol la rosa:
Questa di verde gemma s' incappella:
Quella si mostra allo sportel vezzosa;
L' altra che 'n dolce foco ardea pur ora
Languida cade e il bel pratello infiora.

This pretty little picture may be said to represent the three ages of the rose. Though I cannot do justice to the original, these verses may be accepted as a bad copy of a graceful miniature:

Trembles the virgin violet in air,
With downcast eyes that seem love's sight to shun;
But far more glad, more smiling, and more fair,
The rose expands her bosom to the sun;
This bud in verdant wreaths her head doth bear;
That opes her half-blown petals one by one;
And she who erewhile flames of love displayed,
Drooping declines, and strews with bloom the glade.

In the "Orfeo" he paraphrased the admonition of the last lines of the idyll thus:

Digli, zampogna mia, come via fugge
Cogli anni insieme la belleza snella;
E digli come il tempo ne distrugge,
Nè l' età persa mai si rinnovella:
Digli che sappi usar suo' forma bella,
Chè sempre mai non saran rose e viole.

Or, as follows in English:

Nay, tell her, pipe of mine, how swift doth flee
  Beauty together with our years amain;
Tell her how time destroys all rarity,
  Nor youth once lost can be renewed again;
  Tell her to use the gifts that yet remain;
Roses and violets blossom not alway.

To this refrain of *Collige virgo rosas* he is for ever returning:

Deh, non insuperbir per tuo' belleza,
Dama; ch' un breve tempo te la fura.

Canuta tornerà la bionda treza
Che del bel viso adorna la figura.
Mentre che il fiore è nella sua vagheza,
Coglilo; che belleza poco dura.
Fresca è la rosa da mattina, e a sera
Ell' ha perduto suo' belleza altera.

Nay, be not overproud of thy great grace,
Lady! for brief time is thy thief and mine.
White will he turn those golden curls that lace
Thy forehead and thy cheeks so marble-fine.
Lo! while the flower still flourisheth apace,
Pluck it; for beauty but awhile doth shine.
Fair is the rose at dawn; but long ere night
Her freshness fades, her pride hath vanished quite.

Thus Florentine poets used the rose as a reminder to girls that they should enjoy their youth in season. The graver simile of Catullus was not to their purpose. It first makes its entrance into Italian poetry in these stanzas of Ariosto, which are closely copied from the Latin:[6]

La verginella è simile alla rosa,
Ch' in bel giardin su la nativa spina

6 "*Orl. Fur.*," *i.*, *42*, *43*.

Mentre sola e sicura si riposa,
Nè gregge nè pastor se le avvicina;
L' aura soave e l' alba rugiadosa,
L' acqua, la terra, al suo favor s' inchina:
Giovani vaghi e dame innamorate
Amano averne e seni e tempie ornate.
Ma non sí tosto dal materno stelo
Rimossa viene, dal suo ceppo verde,
Che quanto avea dagli uomini e dal cielo
Favor, grazia, e belleza, tutto perde.
La vergine che 'l fior, di che piú zelo
Che de' begli occhi e della vita aver dè,
Lascia altrui côrre, il pregio ch' avea innante
Perde nel cor di tutti gli altri amanti.

The translation made by Rose of the "Orlando Furioso" shall here be quoted:

The virgin has her image in the rose
Sheltered in garden on its native stock,
Which there in solitude and safe repose
Blooms, unapproached by shepherd or by flock.
For this earth teems, and freshening water flows,
And breeze and dewy dawn their sweets unlock·
With such the wistful youth his bosom dresses,
With such the enamoured damsel braids her tresses.

But wanton hands no sooner this displace
From the maternal stem, where it had grown,
Than all was withered; whatsoever grace
It found with man or heaven; bloom, beauty gone.
The damsel who should hold in higher place
Than light or life the flower which is her own,
Suffering the spoiler's hand to crop the prize,
Forfeits her worth in every other's eyes.

Thus far I have traced the separate working of the two themes in Lorenzo de' Medici's, Poliziano's, and Ariosto's poetry. Tasso, while expanding in the main the motive of Ausonius, borrows one touch from Catullus in the following famous passage of the "Gerusalemme Liberata:"[7]

Deh! mira, egli canto, spuntar la rosa
Dal verde suo modesta e verginella,
Che mezzo aperta ancora e mezzo ascosa
Quanto si mostra men tanto è più bella.
Ecco poi nudo il sen già baldanzosa
Dispiega; ecco poi langue e non par quella;
Quella non par, che desiata avanti.
Fu da mille donzelle e mille amanti.

Così trapassa al trapassar d' un giorno
Della vita mortale il fiore e il verde:
Nè perchè faccia indietro april ritorno,
Si rinfiora ella mai nè si rinverde.
Cogliam la rosa in sul mattino adorno
Di questo dì, che tosto il seren perde;
Cogliam d' amor la rosa; amiamo or quando
Esser si puote riamato amando.

A translation made by Thomas Bayley from these stanzas shall be given, instead

---

7 Canto xvi., 15.

of any other, because it has been chosen by Mrs. Boyle in her book:[8]

Mark ye (he sings) in modest maiden guise
The red rose peeping from her leafy nest;
Half opening, now half closed, the jewel lies,
More bright her beauty seems the more represt.

But lo! with bosom bared, the vaunting flower
Now droops, now dies, alas! how changed the while,
From that sweet rose that wooed, in happier hour,
The young man's homage and the maiden's smile.

Thus, in the passing of a day, the flower,
The freshness of man's little life is o'er,
Though April skies return with sun and shower,
The flower may bloom not, life return no more.

Cull, then, the rose, for night is coming; haste
While o'er its leaves the matin dew is poured;
Cull, then, the rose of love while yet thou mayest
Living be loved—adoring be adored.

Notwithstanding many pretty and ingenious turns, this version is obviously imperfect through not following the metre of the original. And Mrs. Boyle might have done well to use the two stanzas in which Fairfax availed himself of Spenser's splendid paraphrase. Those who are curious in subtle points of translation should consult a letter

8 *"Ros Rosarum," p. 68.*

which appeared not long ago in the *Academy* upon the various renderings of Tasso's song. The writer of that letter put together with much skill one version, combining the best portions of all.

Before leaving Italy for the North, let us see how Guarini handled the rose bequeathed to him from Catullus and Ausonius by Lorenzo de' Medici, Poliziano, Ariosto, and Tasso. Amarilli, the heroine of the "Pastor Fido," has been betrothed, for high reasons of state, to Silvio, a young hunter, who has no mind for marriage; and her father is naturally anxious lest a long engagement in these circumstances should prove the ruin of her happiness. He uses this beautiful, but somewhat too artificial, expansion of the Catullian theme, combined with Ariosto's simile of Zerbino's death, for the expression of his uneasiness:

Come in vago giardin rosa gentile
Che nelle verdi sue tenere spoglie
Pure dianzi era rinchiusa,
E sotto l' ombra del notturno velo
Incolta e sconosciuta
Stava, posando in sul materno stelo;
Al subito apparir del primo raggio,
Che spunti in Oriente,

Si desta e si risente,
E scopre al sol, che la vagheggia e mira,
Il suo vermiglio ed odorato seno,
Dov' ape susurrando
Nei mattutini albori
Vola, suggendo i rugiadosi umori;
Ma s' allor non si coglie,
Sicchè del mezzodì senta le fiamme,
Cade al cader del sole
Sì scolorita in sulla siepe ombrosa,
Ch' appena si può dir: questa fu rosa.
Così la verginella,
Mentre cura materna
La custodisce e chiude,
Chiude anch' ella il suo petto
All' amoroso affetto;
Ma se lascivo sguardo
Di cupido amator vien che la miri,
E n' oda ella i sospiri.
Gli apre subito il core,
E nel tenero sen riceve amore:
E se vergogna il cela,
O temenza l' affrena,
La misera, tacendo,
Per soverchio desio tutto si strugge.
Così manca beltà se 'l foco dura,
E perdendo stagion perde ventura.

In the following translation I have attempted to render the effect of those partly-rhymed and carefully-rhythmed lyrics, which Italian poets used in their dramatic

work, and which Milton adopted from them in his choruses of *Samson Agonistes:*

As on fair garden lawns a gentle rose,
Who, lapped in tender sheaths of budding green,
Erewhile was shut from view,
And 'neath the shadow of night's sheltering hem,
Uncultured and unknown,
Abode in peace on the maternal stem,
With the first sudden beams that spring
O'er the dim East and day reveal,
Starts into life, begins to feel,
And opens to the sun's admiring gaze
Her crimson bosom laden with perfume,
Where the deep humming bee,
Bathed in cool light of morn,
Goes sucking honey-dews of darkness born;
But, if none pluck her then,
If she but feel the fiery shafts of noon,
Falls with the falling of the sun,
So all discoloured on the dim hedgerows
That one can scarcely say: "This was a rose!"
E'en thus the girl,
What time a mother's care
Wards her frail flower and guards,
Guards also her own breast
From love and love's unrest;
But if the wanton gaze
Of amorous lover chance on her to turn,
If she but hear his sighs that yearn,
She opens out her heart
And to her tender bosom takes love in;

Then should shame hide her smart,
Or fear her will restrain,
The child in speechless pain
Through too much longing must decline and part.
Thus beauty fades, if the fire burneth long;
And time's delay doth work her grievous wrong.

The extreme subtlety and rhetorical minuteness with which this image is wrought somewhat impair its pictorial power. But we must remember that this effect was calculated for an audience sensitive to the cadences of rhythmical declamation in the age which had invented modern music. For them "the linkèd sweetness long drawn out" of Guarini's verbal melody had a peculiar charm. In order to show how poets can employ similar natural suggestions to point opposite lessons, let us set Guarini's "all discoloured" rose beside Shakespeare's

Pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids.

Finally, notice how Shakespeare puts the central thought of Guarini, when he chooses, into a single phrase:

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

Here the word damask brings the rose before us, as a little earlier in *Twelfth Night* the Duke gives the old analogy between the rose and woman's beauty in a couplet:

For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

It is now time to trace the influence of the Catullian and Ausonian motives over English and French poetry. Spenser's magnificent paraphrase from Tasso follows the original closely, but omits, whether intentionally or not, to dwell upon the line derived through Ariosto from Catullus.9

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of the day.
Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may.
Lo, see soon after how more bold and free
Her barèd bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after how she fades and falls away.

9 "*Faery Queen*," *ii.*, *xii.*, 74, 75.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower;
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady and many a paramour.
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet in prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower:
Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst lovèd be with equal crime.

It so happens that none of the pieces which I have hitherto presented in this essay, with the exception of Tasso's stanzas and Bayley's version of them, occur in Mrs. Boyle's book. This does not prove the poverty of her anthology, but the extraordinary richness of rose-literature. In tracing the influence of Ausonius and Catullus upon modern poetry, I shall, from this point forward, be able to refer to the pages of "Ros Rosarum." Ronsard's sonnet, "*Comme on voit sur la branche*," is interesting, as a somewhat faithful study from Catullus; but the maiden rose for whom he wrote it, had been cropped by death, not by dishonour.[10] His more celebrated lyric, "*Mignonne, allez voir si la rose*," which has been so elegantly translated by Mr. Andrew Lang, refines upon

10 "*Ros Rosarum*," *p. 78.*

the motive of Ausonius.[11] Here, in the French "*Cueillez, cueillez votre jeunesse*," we recognise the Latin *Collige virgo rosam*. In another sonnet Ronsard renders the leading theme of the same idyll thus:[12]

Un soleil voit naître et mourir la Rose.

When we turn to English poetry, we find in Samuel Daniel's sonnet, "Look, Delia," a pretty close rendering of Tasso's stanzas.[13] William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, applied the metaphor of the rose to the waning of human life, without any particular reference to youthful beauty.[14] But the dominant note sounds again in Herrick's incomparable "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," and in Waller's graceful "Go, lovely Rose."[15] For a final touch I will transcribe a little fragment of Herrick's. It occurs in a poem which was borrowed straight from the lines of Theocritus quoted above (p. 173.):[16]

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11 "*Ros Rosarum*," *p. 79.*
12 *Ibid., p. 80.*
13 *Ibid., p. 119.*
14 *Ibid., p. 138.*
15 *Ibid., pp. 147, 150.*
16 *Ibid., p. 148. It is from "The Cruel Maid."*

This to your coyness I will tell;
And having spoke it once, farewell.
The lily will not long endure,
Nor the snow continue pure;
The rose, the violet, one day
Sees both these lady flowers decay,
And you must fade, as well as they.

If I am right in reading "sees" in the last line but one, then even here, too, we have a reminiscence of the Ausonian idyll.

From the analysis which I have partly made and partly suggested in the foregoing pages, it will be seen how much modern poetry owes to now almost neglected sources in antique literature and with what varied gracefulness of new life the singers of the past four centuries invested themes which they derived from scholarship. Other students, who have traversed different fields of European poetry, will probably be able to complete the pedigree which I have endeavoured to establish in its main outlines from Ausonius to Waller.

ON THE GARLAND SENT TO RHODOCLEIA.

RUFINUS.

GOLDEN EYES.

'Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet,
I bring mine April coronet,
The lovely blossoms of the spring,
For you I weave, to you I bring
These roses with the lilies set,
The dewy dark-eyed violet,
Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet:
Wilt thou disdain my offering?
Ah, Golden Eyes!

Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget
The pride wherein thy heart is set,
For thou like these or anything,
Hast but a moment of thy spring,
Thy spring, and then—the long regret!
Ah, Golden Eyes!'

ANDREW LANG.

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IT HAS been said that those only who have an immortal hope in their hearts and affirm it, may look for immortal life in their books.

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True it is that the author of the greatest pessimistic poem in the English language was singularly neglected in his lifetime; it is also true there were a few notable exceptions filed against this verdict of indifference, as the names of George Eliot, the Rossettis, and George Meredith, still testify.

Since his death in 1882, it has likewise come out more clearly that apart from THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT *there was another side to the genius of James*

Thomson. To Mr. H. S. Salt for his excellent LIFE (*1884*) *and to Mr. Bertram Dobell, as friend, publisher and editor of the final edition of Thomson's poetry all bookmen are largely indebted.*

It is with Mr. Dobell's kind permission that THE BIBELOT *prints this selection of Thomson's lesser known lyrics: lyrics it is safe to say, of an incommunicable touch and tone, unmatched by any later poet in their mystic music.*

For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR SEPTEMBER:
HAND AND SOUL.

LYRICS
from
JAMES THOMSON
("B. V.")

"To thy dark chamber, mother earth, I come;
Prepare my dreamless bed for my last home;
Shut down the marble door,
And leave me—let me sleep;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more."

"NO tears of mine shall fall upon thy face;
Whatever City thou hast gained, at last,
Better it is than that where thy feet passed
So many times, such weary nights and days.
Those journeying feet knew all its inmost ways;
Where shapes and shadows of dread things were cast,
There moved thy soul, profoundly dark and vast,
There did thy voice its hymn of anguish raise.

Thou wouldst have left that City of great Night,
Yet travelled its dark mazes, all in vain;
But one way leads from it, which found aright,
Who goes by it may not return again.
There didst thou grope thy way, through thy long pain;
Hast thou, outside, found any world of light?"

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

PROEM.

O ANTIQUE fables! beautiful and bright
And joyous with the joyous youth of yore;
O antique fables! for a little light
Of that which shineth in you evermore,
To cleanse the dimness from our weary eyes,
And bathe our old world with a new surprise
Of golden dawn entrancing sea and shore.

We stagger under the enormous weight
Of all the heavy ages piled on us,
With all their grievous wrongs inveterate,
And all their disenchantments dolorous,
And all the monstrous tasks they have bequeathed;
And we are stifled with the airs they breathed;
And read in theirs our dooms calamitous.

Our world is all stript naked of their dreams;
No deities in sky or sun or moon,
No nymphs in woods and hills and seas and streams;
Mere earth and water, air and fire, their boon;
No God in all our universe we trace,
No Heaven in the infinitude of space,
No life beyond death — coming not too soon.

Our souls are stript of their illusions sweet,
Our hopes at best in some far future years

For others, not ourselves; whose bleeding feet
Wander this rocky waste where broken spears
And bleaching bones lie scattered on the sand;
Who know *we* shall not reach the Promised Land;—
Perhaps a mirage glistening through our tears.

And if there be this Promised Land indeed,
Our children's children's children's heritage,
Oh, what a prodigal waste of precious seed,
Of myriad myriad lives from age to age,
Of woes and agonies and blank despairs,
Through countless cycles, that some fortunate heirs
May enter, and conclude the pilgrimage!

But if it prove a mirage after all!
Our last illusion leaves us wholly bare,
To bruise against Fate's adamantine wall,
Consumed or frozen in the pitiless air;
In all our world, beneath, around, above,
One only refuge, solace, triumph,— Love,
Sole star of light in infinite black despair.

O antique fables! beautiful and bright,
And joyous with the joyous youth of yore;
O antique fables! for a little light
Of that which shineth in you evermore,
To cleanse the dimness from our weary eyes,
And bathe our old world with a new surprise
Of golden dawn entrancing sea and shore.

A REQUIEM.

THOU hast lived in pain and woe,
Thou hast lived in grief and fear;
Now thine heart can dread no blow,
Now thine eyes can shed no tear:
Storms round us shall beat and rave;
Thou art sheltered in the grave.

Thou for long, long years hast borne,
Bleeding through Life's wilderness,
Heavy loss and wounding scorn;
Now thine heart is burdenless:
Vainly rest for ours we crave;
Thine is quiet in the grave.

We must toil with pain and care,
We must front tremendous Fate,
We must fight with dark Despair:
Thou dost dwell in solemn state,
Couched triumphant, calm and brave,
In the ever-holy grave.

1858.

MATER TENEBRARUM.

I.

In the endless nights, from my bed, where sleepless in anguish I lie,
I startle the stillness and gloom with a bitter and strong cry:
O Love! O Belovèd long lost! come down from thy Heaven above,
For my heart is wasting and dying in uttermost famine for love!
Come down for a moment! oh, come! Come serious and mild
And pale, as thou wert on this earth, thou adorable Child!
Or come as thou art, with thy sanctitude, triumph and bliss,
For a garment of glory about thee; and give me one kiss,
One tender and pitying look of thy tenderest eyes,
One word of solemn assurance and truth that the soul with its love never dies!

II.

In the endless nights, from my bed, where sleepless in frenzy I lie,
I cleave through the crushing gloom with a bitter and deadly cry:

Oh! where have they taken my Love from our
Eden of bliss on this earth,
Which now is a frozen waste of sepulchral and
horrible dearth?
Have they killed her indeed? is her soul as her
body, which long
Has mouldered away in the dust where the foul
worms throng?
O'er what abhorrent Lethes, to what remotest star,
Is she rapt away from my pursuit through cycles
and systems far?
She is dead, she is utterly dead; for her life would
hear and speed
To the wild imploring cry of my heart that cries in
its dreadful need.

III.

In the endless nights, on my bed, where sleeplessly
brooding I lie,
I burden the heavy gloom with a bitter and weary
sigh:
No hope in this worn-out world, no hope beyond
the tomb;
No living and loving God, but blind and stony
Doom.
Anguish and grief and sin, terror, disease and
despair:

Why throw not off this life, this garment of torture
I wear,
And go down to sleep in the grave in everlasting
rest?
What keeps me yet in this life, what spark in my
frozen breast?
A fire of dread, a light of hope, kindled, O Love,
by thee;
For thy pure and gentle and beautiful soul, it must
immortal be.

1859.

E. B. B.

I.

THE white-rose garland at her feet,
The crown of laurel at her head,
Her noble life on earth complete,
Lay her in the last low bed
For the slumber calm and deep:
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."

II.

Soldiers find their fittest grave
In the field whereon they died;
So her spirit pure and brave
Leaves the clay it glorified
To the land for which she fought
With such grand impassioned thought.

III.

Keats and Shelley sleep at Rome,
She in well-loved Tuscan earth;
Finding all their death's long home
Far from their old home of birth.
Italy, you hold in trust
Very sacred English dust.

IV.

Therefore this one prayer I breathe,—
  That you yet may worthy prove
Of the heirlooms they bequeath
  Who have loved you with such love:
Fairest land while land of slaves
Yields their free souls no fit graves.

1861.

ON A BROKEN PIPE.

NEGLECTED now it lies a cold clay form,
  So late with living inspirations warm:
Type of all other creatures formed of clay —
What more than it for Epitaph have they?

NIGHT.

He cried out through the night:
"Where is the light?
Shall nevermore
Open Heaven's door?
Oh, I am left
Lonely, bereft!"

He cried out through the night:
It spread vaguely white,
With its ghost of a moon
Above the dark swoon
Of the earth lying chill,
Breathless, grave-still.

He cried out through the night:
His voice in its might
Rang forth far and far,
And then like a star
Dwindled from sense
In the Immense.

He cried out through the night:
No answering light,
No syllabled sound;
Beneath and around
A long shuddering thrill,
Then all again still.

THE FIRE THAT FILLED MY HEART OF OLD.

I.

THE fire that filled my heart of old
Gave lustre while it burned;
Now only ashes grey and cold
Are in its silence urned.
Ah! better was the furious flame,
The splendour with the smart:
I never cared for the singer's fame,
But, oh! for the singer's heart
Once more—
The burning fulgent heart!

II.

No love, no hate, no hope, no fear,
No anguish and no mirth;
Thus life extends from year to year,
A flat of sullen dearth.
Ah! life's blood creepeth cold and tame,
Life's thought plays no new part:
I never cared for the singer's fame,
But, oh! for the singer's heart
Once more—
The bleeding passionate heart!

1864.

THREE LYRICS.

I.

LET my voice ring out and over the earth,
Through all the grief and strife,
With a golden joy in a silver mirth:
Thank God for Life!

Let my voice swell out through the great abyss
To the azure dome above,
With a chord of faith in the harp of bliss:
Thank God for Love!

Let my voice thrill out beneath and above,
The whole world through:
O my Love and Life, O my Life and Love,
Thank God for you!

II.

O mellow moonlight warm,
Weave round my Love a charm;
O countless starry eyes,
Watch from the holy skies;
O ever-solemn Night,
Shield her within thy might:
    Watch her, my little one!
    Shield her, my darling!

How my heart shrinks with fear,
Nightly to leave thee, dear;
Lonely and pure within
Vast glooms of woe and sin:
Our wealth of love and bliss
Too heavenly-perfect is:
    Good night, my little one!
    God keep thee, darling!

III.

As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
  The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
  Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
  The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
  Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
  Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
For we carry the Heavens with us, Dear,
  While the Earth slips from our feet!

1865.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

He came to the desert of London town,
  Grey miles long;
He wandered up and he wandered down,
  Singing a quiet song.

He came to the desert of London town,
  Mirk miles broad;
He wandered up and he wandered down,
  Ever alone with God.

There were thousands and thousands of human kind
  In that desert of brick and stone:
But some were deaf and some were blind,
  And he was there alone.

At length the good hour came; he died
  As he had lived, alone:
He was not missed from the desert wide,
  Perhaps he was found at the Throne.

1866.

DAY.

WAKING one morning
In a pleasant land,
By a river flowing
Over golden sand:—

Whence flow ye, waters,
O'er your golden sand?
We come flowing
From the Silent Land.

Whither flow ye, waters,
O'er your golden sand?
We go flowing
To the Silent Land.

And what is this fair realm?
A grain of golden sand
In the great darkness
Of the Silent Land.

1866.

IN THE ROOM.

"Ceste insigne fable et tragicque comedie."—RABELAIS.

I.

THE sun was down, and twilight grey
Filled half the air; but in the room,
Whose curtain had been drawn all day,
The twilight was a dusky gloom:
Which seemed at first as still as death,
And void; but was indeed all rife
With subtle thrills, the pulse and breath
Of multitudinous lower life.

II.

In their abrupt and headlong way
Bewildered flies for light had dashed
Against the curtain all the day,
And now slept wintrily abashed;
And nimble mice slept, wearied out
With such a double night's uproar;
But solid beetles crawled about
The chilly hearth and naked floor.

III.

And so throughout the twilight hour
That vaguely murmurous hush and rest
There brooded; and beneath its power
Life throbbing held its throbs suppressed:
Until the thin-voiced mirror sighed,
I am all blurred with dust and damp,
So long ago the clear day died,
So long has gleamed nor fire nor lamp.

IV.

Whereon the curtain murmured back,
Some change is on us, good or ill;
Behind me and before is black
As when those human things lie still:
But I have seen the darkness grow
As grows the daylight every morn;
Have felt out there long shine and glow,
In here long chilly dusk forlorn.

V.

The cupboard grumbled with a groan,
Each new day worse starvation brings:
Since *he* came here I have not known
Or sweets or cates or wholesome things:
But now! a pinch of meal, a crust,
Throughout the week is all I get.

I am so empty; it is just
As when they said we were to let.

VI.

What is become, then, of our Man?
The petulant old glass exclaimed;
If all this time he slumber can,
He really ought to be ashamed.
I wish we had our Girl again,
So gay and busy, bright and fair:
The girls are better than these men,
Who only for their dull selves care.

VII.

It is so many hours ago —
The lamp and fire were both alight —
I saw him pacing to and fro,
Perturbing restlessly the night.
His face was pale to give one fear,
His eyes when lifted looked too bright;
He muttered; what, I could not hear:
Bad words though; something was not right.

VIII.

The table said, He wrote so long
That I grew weary of his weight;

The pen kept up a cricket song,
  It ran and ran at such a rate:
And in the longer pauses he
  With both his folded arms downpressed,
And stared as one who does not see,
  Or sank his head upon his breast.

IX.

The fire-grate said, I am as cold
  As if I never had a blaze;
The few dead cinders here I hold,
  I held unburned for days and days.
Last night he made them flare; but still
  What good did all his writing do?
Among my ashes curl and thrill
  Thin ghosts of all those papers too.

X.

The table answered, Not quite all;
  He saved and folded up one sheet,
And sealed it fast, and let it fall;
  And here it lies now white and neat.
Whereon the letter's whisper came,
  My writing is closed up too well;

Outside there's not a single name,
And who should read me I can't tell.

XI.

The mirror sneered with scornful spite,
(That ancient crack which spoiled her looks
Had marred her temper), Write and write!
And read those stupid, worn-out books!
That's all he does, read, write, and read,
And smoke that nasty pipe which stinks:
He never takes the slightest heed
How any of us feels or thinks.

XII.

But Lucy fifty times a day
Would come and smile here in my face,
Adjust a tress that curled astray,
Or tie a ribbon with more grace:
She looked so young and fresh and fair,
She blushed with such a charming bloom,
It did one good to see her there,
And brightened all things in the room.

XIII.

She did not sit hours stark and dumb
As pale as moonshine by the lamp;

To lie in bed when day was come,
And leave us curtained chill and damp.
She slept away the dreary dark,
And rose to greet the pleasant morn;
And sang as gaily as a lark
While busy as the flies sun-born.

XIV.

And how she loved us every one;
And dusted this and mended that,
With trills and laughs and freaks of fun,
And tender scoldings in her chat!
And then her bird, that sang as shrill
As she sang sweet; her darling flowers
That grew there in the window-sill,
Where she would sit at work for hours.

XV.

It was not much she ever wrote;
Her fingers had good work to do;
Say, once a week a pretty note;
And very long it took her too.
And little more she read, I wis;
Just now and then a pictured sheet,
Besides those letters she would kiss
And croon for hours, they were so sweet.

XVI.

She had her friends too, blithe young girls,
  Who whispered, babbled, laughed, caressed,
And romped and danced with dancing curls,
  And gave our life a joyous zest.
But with this dullard, glum and sour,
  Not one of all his fellow-men
Has ever passed a social hour;
  We might be in some wild beast's den.

XVII.

This long tirade aroused the bed,
  Who spoke in deep and ponderous bass,
Befitting that calm life he led,
  As if firm-rooted in his place:
In broad majestic bulk alone,
  As in thrice venerable age,
He stood at once the royal throne,
  The monarch, the experienced sage:

XVIII.

I know what is and what has been;
  Not anything to me comes strange,
Who in so many years have seen
  And lived through every kind of change.
I know when men are good or bad,
  When well or ill, he slowly said;

When sad or glad, when sane or mad,
And when they sleep alive or dead.

XIX.

At this last word of solemn lore
A tremor circled through the gloom,
As if a crash upon the floor
Had jarred and shaken all the room:
For nearly all the listening things
Were old and worn, and knew what curse
Of violent change death often brings,
From good to bad, from bad to worse;

XX.

They get to know each other well,
To feel at home and settled down;
Death bursts among them like a shell,
And strews them over all the town.
The bed went on, This man who lies
Upon me now is stark and cold;
He will not any more arise,
And do the things he did of old.

XXI.

But we shall have short peace or rest;
For soon up here will come a rout,
And nail him in a queer long chest,
And carry him like luggage out.

They will be muffled all in black,
And whisper much, and sigh and weep:
But he will never more come back,
And some one else in me must sleep.

XXII.

Thereon a little phial shrilled,
Here empty on the chair I lie:
I heard one say, as I was filled,
With half of this a man would die.
The man there drank me with slow breath,
And murmured, Thus ends barren strife:
O sweeter, thou cold wine of death,
Than ever sweet warm wine of life.

XXIII.

One of my cousins long ago,
A little thing, the mirror said,
Was carried to a couch to show,
Whether a man was really dead.
Two great improvements marked the case:
He did not blur her with his breath,
His many-wrinkled, twitching face
Was smooth old ivory: verdict, Death.

XXIV.

It lay, the lowest thing there, lulled
Sweet-sleep-like in corruption's truce;

The form whose purpose was annulled,
  While all the other shapes meant use.
It lay, the *he* become now *it*,
  Unconscious of the deep disgrace,
Unanxious how its parts might flit
  Through what new forms in time and space.

XXV.

It lay and preached, as dumb things do,
  More powerfully than tongues can prate;
Though life be torture through and through,
  Man is but weak to plain of fate:
The drear path crawls on drearier still
  To wounded feet and hopeless breast?
Well, he can lie down where he will,
  And straight all ends in endless rest.

XXVI.

And while the black night nothing saw,
  And till the cold morn came at last,
That old bed held the room in awe
  With tales of its experience vast.
It thrilled the gloom; it told such tales
  Of human sorrows and delights,
Of fever moans and infant wails,
  Of births and deaths and bridal nights.

1867–8.

SONG

"THE Nightingale was not yet heard,
For the Rose was not yet blown."
His heart was quiet as a bird
Asleep in the night alone,
And never were its pulses stirred
To breathe or joy or moan:
The Nightingale was not yet heard
For the Rose was not yet blown.

Then She bloomed forth before his sight
In passion and in power,
And filled the very day with light,
So glorious was her dower;
And made the whole vast moonlit night
As fragrant as a bower:
The young, the beautiful, the bright,
The splendid peerless Flower.

Whereon his heart was like a bird
When Summer mounts his throne,
And all its pulses thrilled and stirred
To songs of joy and moan,
To every most impassioned word
And most impassioned tone;
The Nightingale at length was heard
For the Rose at length was blown.

THE POET AND HIS MUSE.

I SIGHED unto my Muse, "O gentle Muse,
Would you but come and kiss my aching brow,
And thus a little life and joy infuse
Into my brain and heart so weary now;
Into my heart so sad with emptiness
Even when unafflicted by the stress
Of all our kind's poor life;
Into my brain so feeble and so listless,
Crushed down by burthens of dark thought resistless
Of all our want and woe and unresulting strife.

"Would you but come and kiss me on the brow,
Would you but kiss me on the pallid lips
That have so many years been songless now,
And on the eyes involved in drear eclipse;
That thus the barren brain long overwrought
Might yield again some blossoms of glad thought,
And the long-mute lips sing,
And the long-arid eyes grow moist and tender
With some new vision of the ancient splendour
Of beauty and delight that lives in everything.

"Would you but kiss me on the silent lips
And teach them thus to sing some new sweet song;
Would you but kiss my eyes from their eclipse
With some new tale of old-world right and wrong:

Some song of love and joy or tender grief
Whose sweetness is its own divine relief,
Whose joy is golden bliss;
Some solemn and impassioned antique story
Where love against dark doom burns out in glory,
Where life is freely staked to win one mutual kiss.

"Would you but sing to me some new dear song
Of love in bliss or bale alike supreme;
Some story of our old-world right and wrong
With noble passion burning through the theme:
What though the story be of darkest doom,
If loyal spirits shining through its gloom
Throb to us from afar?
What though the song with heavy sorrows languish,
If loving hearts pulse to us through its anguish?
Is not the whole black night enriched by one pure star?"

And lo! She came, the ever-gentle Muse,
Sad as my heart, and languid as my brain;
Too gentle in her loving to refuse,
Although her steps were weariness and pain;
Although her eyes were blank and lustreless,
Although her form was clothed with heaviness
And drooped beneath the weight;
Although her lips were blanched from all their blooming,
Her pure face pallid as from long entombing,
Her bright regard and smile sombre and desolate.—

"Sad as thy heart and languid as thy brain
I come unto thy sighing through the gloom,
I come with mortal weariness and pain,
I come as one compelled to leave her tomb:
Behold, am I not wrapt as in the cloud
Of death's investiture and sombre shroud?
Am I not wan as death?
Look at the withered leafage of my garland,
Is it not nightshade from the sad dim far land
Of night and old oblivion and no mortal breath?

"I come unto thy sighing through the gloom,
My hair dishevelled dank with dews of night,
Reluctantly constrained to leave my tomb;
With eyes that have for ever lost their light;
My vesture mouldering with deep death's disgrace,
My heart as chill and bloodless as my face,
My forehead like a stone;
My spirit sightless as my eyes are sightless,
My inmost being nerveless, soulless, lightless,
My joyous singing voice a harsh sepulchral moan.

"My hair dishevelled dank with dews of night,
From that far region of dim death I come,
With eyes and soul and spirit void of light,
With lips more sad in speech than stark and dumb:
Lo, you have ravaged me with dolorous thought
Until my brain was wholly overwrought,

Barren of flowers and fruit;
Until my heart was bloodless for all passion,
Until my trembling lips could no more fashion
Sweet words to fit sweet airs of trembling lyre and lute.

"From the sad regions of dim death I come;
We tell no tales there for our tale is told,
We sing no songs there for our lips are dumb,
Likewise our hearts and brains are graveyard mould;
No wreaths of laurel, myrtle, ivy or vine,
About our pale and pulseless brows entwine,
And that sad frustrate realm
Nor amaranths nor asphodels can nourish,
But aconite and black-red poppies flourish
On such Lethean dews as fair life overwhelm.

"We tell no tales more, we whose tale is told;
As your brain withered and your heart grew chill
My heart and brain were turned to churchyard mould,
Wherefore my singing voice sank ever still;
And I, all heart and brain and voice, am dead;
It is my Phantom here beside your bed
That speaketh to you now;
Though you exist still, a mere form inurning
The ashes of dead fires of thought and yearning,
Dead faith, dead love, dead hope, in hollow breast and brow."

When it had moaned these words of hopeless doom,
The Phantom of the Muse once young and fair,
Pallid and dim from its disastrous tomb,
Of Her so sweet and young and *débonnaire*,
So rich of heart and brain and singing voice,
So quick to shed sweet tears and to rejoice
And smile with ravishing grace;
My soul was stupefied by its own reaping,
Then burst into a flood of passionate weeping,
Tears bitter as black blood streaming adown my face.

"O Muse, so young and sweet and glad and fair,
O Muse of hope and faith and joy and love,
O Muse so gracious and so *débonnaire*,
Darling of earth beneath and heaven above;
If Thou art gone into oblivious death,
Why should I still prolong my painful breath?
Why still exist, the urn
Holding of once-great fires the long dead ashes,
No sole spark left of all their glow and flashes,
Fires never to rekindle more and shine and burn?

"O Muse of hope and faith and joy and love,
Soul of my soul, if Thou in truth art dead,
A mournful alien in our world above,
A Phantom moaning by my midnight bed;
How can I be alive, a hollow form
With ashes of dead fires once bright and warm?

What thing is worth my strife?
The Past a great regret, the Present sterile,
The Future hopeless, with the further peril
Of withering down and down to utter death-in-life.

"Soul of my soul, canst Thou indeed be dead?
What mean for me if I accept their lore;
Thy words, O Phantom moaning by my bed,
'I cannot sing again for evermore'?
I never more can think or feel or dream
Or hope or love — the fatal loss supreme!
I am a soulless clod;
No germ of life within me that surpasses
The little germs of weeds and flowers and grasses
Wherewith our liberal Mother decks the graveyard sod.

"I am half-torpid yet I spurn this lore,
I am long silent yet cannot avow
My singing voice is lost for evermore;
For lo, this beating heart, this burning brow,
This spirit gasping in keen spasms of dread
And fierce revulsion that it is not dead,
This agony of the sting:
What soulless clod could have these tears and sobbings,
These terrors that are hopes, these passionate throbbings?
Dear Muse, revive! we yet may dream and love and sing!"

February, 1882.

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS MAGAZINE

Edited by John Seymour Wood

IS the result of an effort on the part of a large number of well-known alumni of different universities to bring out a really first-class literary magazine for college graduates.

Among those who have been most energetic in the effort are: Judge Henry E. Howland, J. Frederic Kernochan, Buchanan Winthrop, Albert Stickney, Elihu Root, Julien T. Davies, Charles Bulkley Hubbell, Bradford W. Hitchcock, Wilbur Larremore, Winthrop Chanler and C. Lawrence Perkins.

For a year and over the management has been busily engaged in raising the necessary funds, and has been successful in so doing; but, while a sufficient fund has been procured to commence operations, the magazine cannot succeed without the continued support of college men. We trust that graduates of all colleges will feel it their duty to aid in this enterprise.

The magazine which began with the May number, 1895, speaks for itself. It will not be illustrated, and will not publish "biographies"; will not be the mouth-piece of any one college or of any publishing house, nor will it be run in the interests of any special clique or university.

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A Periodical of Protest.

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—John Calvin.

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The Bibelot

HAND AND SOUL,—the only tale that Rossetti ever completed,—is unique in its way. It has never been widely known, and even as reprinted in the COLLECTED WORKS *(1886),* stands somewhat apart from his other productions. That it throws much light upon his artistic beliefs is very evident.*

Mr. William Sharp, (DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: A RECORD AND A STUDY, *1882,) has ably and eloquently commented upon this little story; and we are indebted to him, and not as one might expect, to the editor of Rossetti's works, for an emendation well worth preservation.*

It is not claimed that in HAND AND SOUL *we have a prose poem; nor will it bear comparison with such a masterpiece as DeQuincey's* SUSPIRIA. *But there* is *a charm, and we* do *feel that in this brief*

* It will please the admirers of Rossetti to know that *Hand and Soul* is being prepared in a form in every way worthy of its exquisite beauty, by Mr. William Morris at his Kelmscott Press, for Messrs. Way & Williams, Chicago. It will be printed in "Golden" type, with specially designed title-page and border, and in a special binding.

story Rossetti penetrated to the atmosphere of IL DECAMERONE. *Chiaro might have met Fiammetta; did, indeed, meet a diviner one than she. Somehow one is compelled to think of that Pico, 'Earl of Mirandola, and a great lord of Italy,' of whom Pater has said a few undying things.*

There is, moreover, one exquisite passage in HAND AND SOUL: *of dead artists, it is said of them,* 'they have left little' *and* 'it is gone like time gone,—a track of dust and dead leaves that merely led to the fountain.'

From such faint shadowings we come to see what Rossetti might have done had he been minded to write in prose. But he cared little for it, apparently; and toward him, our praise or blame is alike a voice and nothing more,—lost in the eternal silences.

For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR OCTOBER:

A BOOK OF AIRS

from

DR. THOMAS CAMPION.

TO ART.

I loved thee ere I loved a woman, Love.

"THIS story—which, brief though it is, may rank as the most considerable prose-writing by Rossetti apart from what appears in *The Early Italian Poets*—was written in December, 1849, almost entirely in one night, or rather earliest morning. It is purely a work of imagination; there never was a Chiaro dell' Erma, nor a Dr. Aemmster, nor the rest of them. The story was published in *The Germ;* and I have heard of more than one admirer of it who made inquiry in Florence or Dresden after the pictures of Chiaro—of course with no result save disappointment. The statement on page 249, 'In the spring of 1847, I was at Florence,' is also fictitious, though it has sometimes been cited as showing (contrary to the general and correct statement) that Rossetti had once at least been in Italy."

WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI.

Rivolsimi in quel lato
Là onde venìa la voce,
E parvemi una luce
Che lucea quanto stella:
La mia menta era quella. *

Bonaggiunta Urbiciani (1250).

BEFORE any knowledge of painting was brought to Florence, there were already painters in Lucca, and Pisa, and Arezzo, who feared God and loved the art. The workmen from Greece, whose trade it was to sell their own works in Italy and teach Italians to imitate them, had already found in rivals of the soil a skill that could forestall their lessons and cheapen their labours, more years than is supposed before the art came at all into Florence. The pre-eminence to which Cimabue was raised at once by his contemporaries, and which he still retains to a wide extent even in the modern mind, is to

* I turned me to the side
Whence came the voice,
And there appeared to me a light
That shone bright as a star:
My own soul it was.

(*William Sharp.*)

be accounted for, partly by the circumstances under which he arose, and partly by that extraordinary *purpose of fortune* born with the lives of some few, and through which it is not a little thing for any who went before, if they are even remembered as the shadows of the coming of such an one, and the voices which prepared his way in the wilderness. It is thus, almost exclusively, that the painters of whom I speak are now known. They have left little, and but little heed is taken of that which men hold to have been surpassed; it is gone like time gone,—a track of dust and dead leaves that merely led to the fountain.

Nevertheless, of very late years and in very rare instances, some signs of a better understanding have become manifest. A case in point is that of the triptych and two cruciform pictures at Dresden, by Chiaro di Messer Bello dell' Erma, to which the eloquent pamphlet of Dr. Aemmster has at length succeeded in attracting the students. There is another still more solemn and beautiful work, now proved to be by the same hand, in the Pitti gallery at Florence. It is the one to which my narrative will relate.

This Chiaro dell' Erma was a young man

of very honourable family in Arezzo; where, conceiving art almost for himself, and loving it deeply, he endeavoured from early boyhood towards the imitation of any objects offered in nature. The extreme longing after a visible embodiment of his thoughts strengthened as his years increased, more even than his sinews or the blood of his life; until he would feel faint in sunsets and at the sight of stately persons. When he had lived nineteen years, he heard of the famous Giunta Pisano; and, feeling much of admiration, with perhaps a little of that envy which youth always feels until it has learned to measure success by time and opportunity, he determined that he would seek out Giunta, and, if possible, become his pupil.

Having arrived in Pisa, he clothed himself in humble apparel, being unwilling that any other thing than the desire he had for knowledge should be his plea with the great painter; and then, leaving his baggage at a house of entertainment, he took his way along the street, asking whom he met for the lodging of Giunta. It soon chanced that one of that city, conceiving him to be

a stranger and poor, took him into his house and refreshed him; afterwards directing him on his way.

When he was brought to speech of Giunta, he said merely that he was a student, and that nothing in the world was so much at his heart as to become that which he had heard told of him with whom he was speaking. He was received with courtesy and consideration, and soon stood among the works of the famous artist. But the forms he saw there were lifeless and incomplete; and a sudden exultation possessed him as he said within himself, "I am the master of this man." The blood came at first into his face, but the next moment he was quite pale and fell to trembling. He was able, however, to conceal his emotion; speaking very little to Giunta, but when he took his leave, thanking him respectfully.

After this, Chiaro's first resolve was, that he would work out thoroughly some one of his thoughts, and let the world know him. But the lesson which he had now learned, of how small a greatness might win fame, and how little there was to strive against, served to make him torpid, and rendered his

exertions less continual. Also Pisa was a larger and more luxurious city than Arezzo; and when, in his walks, he saw the great gardens laid out for pleasure, and the beautiful women who passed to and fro, and heard the music that was in the groves of the city at evening, he was taken with wonder that he had never claimed his share of the inheritance of those years in which his youth was cast. And women loved Chiaro; for, in despite of the burthen of study, he was well-favoured and very manly in his walking; and, seeing his face in front, there was a glory upon it, as upon the face of one who feels a light round his hair.

So he put thought from him, and partook of his life. But, one night, being in a certain company of ladies, a gentleman that was there with him began to speak of the paintings of a youth named Bonaventura, which he had seen in Lucca; adding that Giunta Pisano might now look for a rival. When Chiaro heard this, the lamps shook before him and the music beat in his ears. He rose up, alleging a sudden sickness, and went out of that house with his teeth set. And, being again within his room, he wrote

up over the door the name of Bonaventura, that it might stop him when he would go out.

He now took to work diligently, not returning to Arezzo, but remaining in Pisa, that no day more might be lost; only living entirely to himself. Sometimes, after nightfall, he would walk abroad in the most solitary places he could find; hardly feeling the ground under him, because of the thoughts of the day which held him in fever.

The lodging Chiaro had chosen was in a house that looked upon gardens fast by the Church of San Petronio. It was here, and at this time, that he painted the Dresden pictures; as also, in all likelihood, the one — inferior in merit, but certainly his — which is now at Munich. For the most part he was calm and regular in his manner of study; though often he would remain at work through the whole of a day, not resting once so long as the light lasted; flushed, and with the hair from his face. Or, at times, when he could not paint, he would sit for hours in thought of all the greatness the world had known from of old; until he

was weak with yearning, like one who gazes upon a path of stars.

He continued in this patient endeavour for about three years, at the end of which his name was spoken throughout all Tuscany. As his fame waxed, he began to be employed, besides easel-pictures, upon wall-paintings; but I believe that no traces remain to us of any of these latter. He is said to have painted in the Duomo; and D'Agincourt mentions having seen some portions of a picture by him which originally had its place above the high altar in the Church of the Certosa; but which, at the time he saw it, being very dilapidated, had been hewn out of the wall, and was preserved in the stores of the convent. Before the period of Dr. Aemmster's researches, however, it had been entirely destroyed.

Chiaro was now famous. It was for the race of fame that he had girded up his loins; and he had not paused until fame was reached; yet now, in taking breath, he found that the weight was still at his heart. The years of his labour had fallen from him, and his life was still in its first painful desire.

With all that Chiaro had done during

these three years, and even before with the studies of his early youth, there had always been a feeling of worship and service. It was the peace-offering that he made to God and to his own soul for the eager selfishness of his aim. There was earth, indeed, upon the hem of his raiment; but *this* was of the heaven, heavenly. He had seasons when he could endure to think of no other feature of his hope than this. Sometimes it had even seemed to him to behold that day when his mistress — his mystical lady (now hardly in her ninth year, but whose smile at meeting had already lighted on his soul,) — even she, his own gracious Italian Art — should pass, through the sun that never sets, into the shadow of the tree of life, and be seen of God and found good: and then it had seemed to him that he, with many who, since his coming, had joined the band of whom he was one (for, in his dream, the body he had worn on earth had been dead an hundred years), were permitted to gather round the blessed maiden, and to worship with her through all ages and ages of ages, saying, Holy, holy, holy. This thing he had seen with the eyes of his spirit; and in this

thing had trusted, believing that it would surely come to pass.

But now, (being at length led to inquire closely into himself,) even as, in the pursuit of fame, the unrest abiding after attainment had proved to him that he had misinterpreted the craving of his own spirit — so also, now that he would willingly have fallen back on devotion, he became aware that much of that reverence which he had mistaken for faith had been no more than the worship of beauty. Therefore, after certain days passed in perplexity, Chiaro said within himself, "My life and my will are yet before me: I will take another aim to my life."

From that moment Chiaro set a watch on his soul, and put his hand to no other works but only to such as had for their end the presentment of some moral greatness that should influence the beholder: and to this end, he multiplied abstractions, and forgot the beauty and passion of the world. So the people ceased to throng about his pictures as heretofore; and, when they were carried through town and town to their destination, they were no longer delayed by the crowds eager to gaze and admire; and no prayers

or offerings were brought to them on their path, as to his Madonnas, and his Saints, and his Holy Children, wrought for the sake of the life he saw in the faces that he loved. Only the critical audience remained to him; and these, in default of more worthy matter, would have turned their scrutiny on a puppet or a mantle. Meanwhile, he had no more of fever upon him; but was calm and pale each day in all that he did and in his goings in and out. The works he produced at this time have perished — in all likelihood, not unjustly. It is said (and we may easily believe it), that, though more laboured than his former pictures, they were cold and unemphatic; bearing marked out upon them the measure of that boundary to which they were made to conform.

And the weight was still close at Chiaro's heart: but he held in his breath, never resting (for he was afraid), and would not know it.

Now it happened, within these days, that there fell a great feast in Pisa, for holy matters: and each man left his occupation; and all the guilds and companies of the city were got together for games and rejoicings.

And there were scarcely any that stayed in the houses, except ladies who lay or sat along their balconies between open windows which let the breeze beat through the rooms and over the spread tables from end to end. And the golden cloths that their arms lay upon drew all eyes upward to see their beauty; and the day was long; and every hour of the day was bright with the sun.

So Chiaro's model, when he awoke that morning on the hot pavement of the Piazza Nunziata, and saw the hurry of people that passed him, got up and went along with them; and Chiaro waited for him in vain.

For the whole of that morning, the music was in Chiaro's room from the Church close at hand; and he could hear the sounds that the crowd made in the streets; hushed only at long intervals while the processions for the feast-day chanted in going under his windows. Also, more than once, there was a high clamour from the meeting of factious persons: for the ladies of both leagues were looking down; and he who encountered his enemy could not choose but draw upon him. Chiaro waited a long time idle; and then knew that his model was gone elsewhere.

When at his work, he was blind and deaf to all else; but he feared sloth: for then his stealthy thoughts would begin to beat round and round him, seeking a point for attack. He now rose, therefore, and went to the window. It was within a short space of noon; and underneath him a throng of people was coming out through the porch of San Petronio.

The two greatest houses of the feud in Pisa had filled the church for that mass. The first to leave had been the Gherghiotti; who, stopping on the threshold, had fallen back in ranks along each side of the archway: so that now, in passing outward, the Marotoli had to walk between two files of men whom they hated, and whose fathers had hated theirs. All the chiefs were there and their whole adherents; and each knew the name of each. Every man of the Marotoli, as he came forth and saw his foes, laid back his hood and gazed about him, to show the badge upon the close cap that held his hair. And of the Gherghiotti there were some who tightened their girdles; and some shrilled and threw up their wrists scornfully, as who flies a falcon; for that was the crest of their house.

On the walls within the entry were a number of tall narrow pictures, presenting a moral allegory of Peace, which Chiaro had painted that year for the Church. The Gherghiotti stood with their backs to these frescoes; and among them Golzo Ninuccio, the youngest noble of the faction, called by the people Golaghiotta, for his debased life. This youth had remained for some while talking listlessly to his fellows, though with his sleepy sunken eyes fixed on them who passed: but now, seeing that no man jostled another, he drew the long silver shoe off his foot and struck the dust out of it on the cloak of him who was going by, asking him how far the tides rose at Viderza. And he said so because it was three months since, at that place, the Gherghiotti had beaten the Marotoli to the sands, and held them there while the sea came in; whereby many had been drowned. And, when he had spoken, at once the whole archway was dazzling with the light of confused swords; and they who had left turned back; and they who were still behind made haste to come forth; and there was so much blood

cast up the walls on a sudden, that it ran in long streams down Chiaro's paintings.

Chiaro turned himself from the window; for the light felt dry between his lids, and he could not look. He sat down, and heard the noise of contention driven out of the church-porch and a great way through the streets; and soon there was a deep murmur that heaved and waxed from the other side of the city, where those of both parties were gathering to join in the tumult.

Chiaro sat with his face in his open hands. Once again he had wished to set his foot on a place that looked green and fertile; and once again it seemed to him that the thin rank mask was about to spread away, and that this time the chill of the water must leave leprosy in his flesh. The light still swam in his head, and bewildered him at first; but when he knew his thoughts, they were these:—

"Fame failed me: faith failed me: and now this also,—the hope that I nourished in this my generation of men,—shall pass from me, and leave my feet and my hands groping. Yet because of this are my feet become slow and my hands thin. I am as

one who, through the whole night, holding his way diligently, hath smitten the steel unto the flint, to lead some whom he knew darkling; who hath kept his eyes always on the sparks that himself made, lest they should fail; and who, towards dawn, turning to bid them that he had guided God speed, sees the wet grass untrodden except of his own feet. I am as the last hour of the day, whose chimes are a perfect number; whom the next followeth not, nor light ensueth from him; but in the same darkness is the old order begun afresh. Men say, 'This is not God nor man; he is not as we are, neither above us: let him sit beneath us, for we are many.' Where I write Peace, in that spot is the drawing of swords, and there men's footprints are red. When I would sow, another harvest is ripe. Nay, it is much worse with me than thus much. Am I not as a cloth drawn before the light, that the looker may not be blinded? but which sheweth thereby the grain of its own coarseness, so that the light seems defiled, and men say, 'We will not walk by it.' Wherefore through me they shall be doubly accursed, seeing that through me they reject

the light. May one be a devil and not know it?"

As Chiaro was in these thoughts, the fever encroached slowly on his veins, till he could sit no longer and would have risen; but suddenly he found awe within him, and held his head bowed, without stirring. The warmth of the air was not shaken: but there seemed a pulse in the light, and a living freshness, like rain. The silence was a painful music, that made the blood ache in his temples; and he lifted his face and his deep eyes.

A woman was present in his room, clad to the hands and feet with a green and grey raiment, fashioned to that time. It seemed that the first thoughts he had ever known were given him as at first from her eyes, and he knew her hair to be the golden veil through which he beheld his dreams. Though her hands were joined, her face was not lifted, but set forward; and though the gaze was austere, yet her mouth was supreme in gentleness. And as he looked, Chiaro's spirit appeared abashed of its own intimate presence, and his lips shook with the thrill

of tears; it seemed such a bitter while till the spirit might be indeed alone.

She did not move closer towards him, but he felt her to be as much with him as his breath. He was like one who, scaling a great steepness, hears his own voice echoed in some place much higher than he can see, and the name of which is not known to him. As the woman stood, her speech was with Chiaro: not, as it were, from her mouth or in his ears; but distinctly between them.

"I am an image, Chiaro, of thine own soul within thee. See me, and know me as I am. Thou sayest that fame has failed thee, and faith failed thee; but because at least thou hast not laid thy life unto riches, therefore, though thus late, I am suffered to come into thy knowledge. Fame sufficed not, for that thou didst seek fame: seek thine own conscience (not thy mind's conscience, but thine heart's), and all shall approve and suffice. For Fame, in noble soils, is a fruit of the Spring: but not therefore should it be said: 'Lo! my garden that I planted is barren: the crocus is here, but the lily is dead in the dry ground, and shall not lift the earth that covers it: therefore I will

fling my garden together, and give it unto the builders.' Take heed rather that thou trouble not the wise secret earth; for in the mould that thou throwest up shall the first tender growth lie to waste; which else had been made strong in its season. Yea, and even if the year shall fall past in all its months, and the soil be indeed, to thee, peevish and incapable, and though thou indeed gather all thy harvest, and it suffice for others, and thou remain vexed with emptiness; and others drink of thy streams, and the drouth rasp thy throat;—let it be enough that these have found the feast good, and thanked the giver: remembering that, when the winter is striven through, there is another year, whose wind is meek, and whose sun fulfilleth all."

While he heard, Chiaro went slowly on his knees. It was not to her that spoke, for the speech seemed within him and his own. The air brooded in sunshine, and though the turmoil was great outside, the air within was at peace. But when he looked in her eyes, he wept. And she came to him, and cast her hair over him, and took her hands about his forehead, and spoke again:—

"Thou hast said," she continued, gently, "that faith failed thee. This cannot be. Either thou hadst it not, or thou hast it. But who bade thee strike the point betwixt love and faith? Wouldst thou sift the warm breeze from the sun that quickens it? Who bade thee turn upon God and say: 'Behold, my offering is of earth, and not worthy: Thy fire comes not upon it; therefore, though I slay not my brother whom Thou acceptest, I will depart before Thou smite me.' Why shouldst thou rise up and tell God He is not content? Had He, of His warrant, certified so to thee? Be not nice to seek out division; but possess thy love in sufficiency: assuredly this is faith, for the heart must believe first. What He hath set in thy heart to do, that do thou; and even though thou do it without thought of Him, it shall be well done; it is this sacrifice that He asketh of thee, and His flame is upon it for a sign. Think not of Him; but of His love and thy love. For with God is no lust of Godhead:* He hath

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*"For God is no morbid exactor," is the somewhat prosaic version given in *Rossetti's Collected Works, Lon-*

no hand to bow beneath, nor a foot, that thou shouldst kiss it."

And Chiaro held silence, and wept into her hair which covered his face; and the salt tears that he shed ran through her hair upon his lips; and he tasted the bitterness of shame:

Then the fair woman, that was his soul, spoke again to him, saying:

"And for this thy last purpose, and for those unprofitable truths of thy teaching,—thine heart hath already put them away, and it needs not that I lay my bidding upon thee. How is it that thou, a man, wouldst say coldly to the mind that God hath said to the heart warmly? Thy will was honest and wholesome; but look well lest this also be folly,—to say, 'I, in doing this, do strengthen God among men.' When at any time hath He cried unto thee, saying, 'My son, lend Me thy shoulder, for I fall'? Deemest thou that the men who enter God's

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don, 1882, (Vol. I., 393). I have substituted the interpolated reading made use of by Mr. William Sharp, *(Dante Gabriel Rossetti's A Record and a Study, London, 1882, pp. 285, 297),* a reading that is peculiarly *Rossettian:* (EDITOR BIBELOT.)

temple in malice, to the provoking of blood, and neither for His love nor for His wrath will abate their purpose,—shall afterwards stand, with thee in the porch midway between Him and themselves, to give ear unto thy thin voice, which merely the fall of their visors can drown, and to see thy hands, stretched feebly, tremble among their swords? Give thou to God no more than He asketh of thee; but to man also, that which is man's. In all that thou doest, work from thine own heart, simply; for his heart is as thine, when thine is wise and humble; and he shall have understanding of thee. One drop of rain is as another, and the sun's prism in all: and shalt thou not be as he, whose lives are the breath of One? Only by making thyself his equal can he learn to hold communion with thee, and at last own thee above him. Not till thou lean over the water shalt thou see thine image therein: stand erect, and it shall slope from thy feet and be lost. Know that there is but this means whereby thou mayest serve God with man:—Set thine hand and thy soul to serve man with God."

And when she that spoke had said these

words within Chiaro's spirit, she left his side quietly, and stood up as he had first seen her: with her fingers laid together, and her eyes steadfast, and with the breadth of her long dress covering her feet on the floor. And, speaking again, she said:—

"Chiaro, servant of God, take now thine Art unto thee, and paint me thus, as I am, to know me: weak, as I am, and in the weeds of this time; only with eyes which seek out labour, and with a faith, not learned, yet jealous of prayer. Do this; so shall thy soul stand before thee always, and perplex thee no more."

And Chiaro did as she bade him. While he worked, his face grew solemn with knowledge: and before the shadows had turned, his work was done. Having finished, he lay back where he sat, and was asleep immediately: for the growth of that strong sunset was heavy about him, and he felt weak and haggard; like one just come out of a dusk, hollow country, bewildered with echoes, where he had lost himself, and who has not slept for many days and nights. And when she saw him lie back, the beautiful woman came to him, and sat at his

head, gazing, and quieted his sleep with her voice.

The tumult of the factions had endured all that day through all Pisa, though Chiaro had not heard it: and the last service of that feast was a mass sung at midnight from the windows of all the churches for the many dead who lay about the city, and who had to be buried before morning, because of the extreme heats.

In the spring of 1847, I was at Florence. Such as were there at the same time with myself—those, at least, to whom Art is something, — will certainly recollect how many rooms of the Pitti Gallery were closed through that season, in order that some of pictures they contained might be examined and repaired without the necessity of removal. The hall, the staircases, and the vast central suite of apartments, were the only accessible portions; and in these such paintings as they could admit from the sealed *penetralia* were profanely huddled together, without respect of dates, schools, or persons.

I fear that, through this interdict, I may

have missed seeing many of the best pictures. I do not mean *only* the most talked of: for these, as they were restored, generally found their way somehow into the open rooms, owing to the clamours raised by the students; and I remember how old Ercoli's, the curator's, spectacles used to be mirrored in the reclaimed surface, as he leaned mysteriously over these works with some of the visitors, to scrutinize and elucidate.

One picture that I saw that spring, I shall not easily forget. It was among those, I believe, brought from the other rooms, and had been hung, obviously out of all chronology, immediately beneath that head by Raphael so long known as the *Berrettino*, and now said to be the portrait of Cecco Ciulli.

The picture I speak of is a small one, and represents merely the figure of a woman, clad to the hands and feet with a green and grey raiment, chaste and early in its fashion, but exceedingly simple. She is standing: her hands are held together lightly, and her eyes set earnestly open.

The face and hands in this picture, though wrought with great delicacy, have the

appearance of being painted at once, in a single sitting: the drapery is unfinished. As soon as I saw the figure, it drew an awe upon me, like water in shadow. I shall not attempt to describe it more than I have already done; for the most absorbing wonder of it was its literality. You knew that figure, when painted, had been seen; yet it was not a thing to be seen of men. This language will appear ridiculous to such as have never looked on the work; and it may be even to some among those who have. On examining it closely, I perceived in one corner of the canvas the words *Manus Animam pinxit*, and the date 1239.

I turned to my Catalogue, but that was useless, for the pictures were all displaced. I then stepped up to the Cavaliere Ercoli, who was in the room at the moment, and asked him regarding the subject and authorship of the painting. He treated the matter, I thought, somewhat slightingly, and said that he could show me the reference in the Catalogue, which he had compiled. This, when found, was not of much value, as it merely said, "Schizzo d'autore incerto,"

adding the inscription.* I could willingly have prolonged my inquiry, in the hope that it might somehow lead to some result; but I had disturbed the curator from certain yards of Guido, and he was not communicative. I went back, therefore, and stood before the picture until it grew dusk.

The next day I was there again; but this time a circle of students was round the spot, all copying the *Berrettino*. I contrived, however, to find a place whence I could see *my* picture, and where I seemed to be in nobody's way. For some minutes I remained undisturbed; and then I heard, in an English voice: "Might I beg of you, sir, to stand a little more to this side, as you interrupt my view."

I felt vexed, for, standing where he asked me, a glare struck on the picture from the

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*I should here say, that in the latest catalogues (owing, as in cases before mentioned, to the zeal and enthusiasm of Dr. Aemmster), this, and several other pictures, have been more competently entered. The work in question is now placed in the *Sala Sessagona*, a room I did not see—under the number 161. It is described as "Figura mistica di Chiaro dell' Erma," and there is a brief notice of the author appended.

windows, and I could not see it. However, the request was reasonably made, and from a countryman; so I complied, and turning away, stood by his easel. I knew it was not worth while; yet I referred in some way to the work underneath the one he was copying. He did not laugh, but he smiled as we do in England. "*Very* odd, is it not?" said he.

The other students near us were all continental; and seeing an Englishman select an Englishman to speak with, conceived, I suppose, that he could understand no language but his own. They had evidently been noticing the interest which the little picture appeared to excite in me.

One of them, an Italian, said something to another who stood next to him. He spoke with a Genoese accent, and I lost the sense in the villanous dialect. "Che so?" replied the other, lifting his eyebrows towards the figure; "roba mistica: 'st' Inglesi son matti sul misticismo: somiglia alle nebbie di là. Li fa pensare alla patria,

'e intenerisce il core
Lo dì ch' han detto ai dolci amici adio.'"

"La notte, vuoi dire," said a third.

There was a general laugh. My compa-

triot was evidently a novice in the language, and did not take in what was said. I remained silent, being amused.

"Et toi donc?" said he who had quoted Dante, turning to a student, whose birthplace was unmistakable, even had he been addressed in any other language: "que dis-tu de ce genre-là?"

"Moi?" returned the Frenchman, standing back from his easel, and looking at me and at the figure, quite politely, though with an evident reservation: "Je dis, mon cher, que c' est une spécialité dont je me fiche pas mal. Je tiens que quand on ne comprend pas une chose, c' est qu' elle ne signifie rien."

My reader thinks possibly that the French student was right.

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A. E.

Issued late in the Spring, this little book has already passed through two editions in Dublin, and in it there is that highest lyric note, mystic though it be at times, that places these songs with the select few of to-day.

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The Bibelot

MR. A. H. BULLEN *has well said, 'there are no sweeter lyrics in English poetry than are to be found in Campion's song-books;' and again, 'there is nothing antiquated about these old songs; they are as fresh as if they had been written yesterday.'*

Until his edition (THE WORKS OF DR. THOMAS CAMPION EDITED BY A. H. BULLEN, London, Privately Printed, 1889) *appeared, the name even of this great Jacobean lyrist was quite an unknown quantity to all except specialists in English literature.*

Born about 1567, Campion died in 1620, and was buried in the Church of St. Dunstan's in the West, Fleet Street, London. Mr. Edmund Gosse in his Madrigal has made exquisite reference to this fact, as a poet touched to finest issues alone could do.

Campion's first collection of songs, 'A Book of Airs' appeared in 1601; his second song-book, 'Two Books of Airs' in 1613; and his final collection the 'Third and Fourth Books of Airs' in

1617. It is upon these productions that his fame is securely built; even as Herrick's fame is established forever by the 'Hesperides.'

It would be mere editorial superogation to do more than to set forth in as few words as maybe, these enduring lyrics—'age cannot wither, custom cannot stale.'

For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR NOVEMBER:

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT:
A Story of
FRANCIS VILLON.

A BOOK OF AIRS

from

DR. THOMAS CAMPION.

"Never did lyrics' more than happy strains,
Strained out of Art by Nature so with ease,
So purely hit the moods and various veins
Of Music and her hearers as do these."

JOHN DAVIES (1610–11.)

MADRIGAL

SET FORTH TO BE SUNG TO THE BASS VIOL IN PRAISE OF MR. BULLEN HIS EDITION OF THE WORKS OF DR. THOMAS CAMPION

He comes again!
The latest, not the least desired!
Too long in mouldering tomes retired,
We sought in vain
Those breathing airs
Which, from his instrument,
Like vocal winds of perfume, blent
To soothe man's piercing cares.

Bullen, well done!
Where Campion lies in London-land,
Lulled by the thunders of the Strand,
Screened from the sun,
Surely there must
Now pass some pleasant gleam
Across his music-haunted dream
Whose brain and lute are dust.

EDMUND GOSSE.

MY[1] sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love;
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them: heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive:
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the camp of love:
But fools do live, and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb:
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

---

1 Suggested by (and partly translated from) Catullus' "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus."

I CARE not for these ladies,
That must be wooed and prayed:
Give me kind Amarillis,
The wanton country maid.
Nature art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own.
Her when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say "No!"

If I love Amarillis,
She gives me fruit and flowers:
But if we love these ladies,
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold, that sell love,
Give me the nut-brown lass,
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say "No!"

These ladies must have pillows,
And beds by strangers wrought;
Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought,

And fresh Amarillis,
With milk and honey fed;
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say "No!"

THOUGH you are young, and I am old,
Though your veins hot, and my blood cold,
Though youth is moist, and age is dry;
Yet embers live, when flames do die.

The tender graft is easily broke,
But who shall shake the sturdy oak?
You are more fresh and fair than I;
Yet stubs do live when flowers do die.

Thou, that thy youth doth vainly boast,
Know buds are soonest nipt with frost:
Think that thy fortune still doth cry,
"Thou fool! to-morrow thou must die!"

If she forsake me, I must die:
  Shall I tell her so?
Alas, then straight she will reply,
  "No, no, no, no, no!"
If I disclose my desperate state,
She will but make sport thereat,
  And more unrelenting grow.

What heart can long such pains abide?
  Fie upon this love!
I would venture far and wide,
  If it would remove.
But Love will still my steps pursue,
I cannot his ways eschew:
  Thus still helpless hopes I prove.

I do my love in lines commend,
  But, alas, in vain;
The costly gifts, that I do send,
  She returns again:
Thus still is my despair procured,
And her malice more assured:
  Then come, Death, and end my pain!

SWEET, come again!
Your happy sight, so much desired,
Since you from hence are now retired,
I seek in vain:
Still must I mourn
And pine in longing pain,
Till you, my life's delight, again
Vouchsafe your wished return.

If true desire,
Or faithful vow of endless love,
Thy heart inflamed may kindly move
With equal fire;
O then my joys,
So long distraught, shall rest,
Reposed soft in thy chaste breast,
Exempt from all annoys.

You had the power
My wand'ring thoughts first to restrain,
You first did hear my love speak plain!
A child before,
Now it is grown
Confirmed, do you it keep,
And let it safe in your bosom sleep,
There ever made your own!

And till we meet,
  Teach absence inward art to find,
  Both to disturb and please the mind.
Such thoughts are sweet:
And such remain
  In hearts whose flames are true;
  Then such will I retain, till you
To me return again.

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,
  Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challenged Echo clear;
But when she doth of mourning speak,
E'en with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passion, so must I!
For when of pleasure, she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring;
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
E'en from my heart the strings do break.

MISTRESS, since you so much desire
To know the place of Cupid's fire,
In your fair shrine that flame doth rest,
Yet never harboured in your breast.
It 'bides not in your lips so sweet,
Nor where the rose and lilies meet;
But a little higher, but a little higher;
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Even in those starry piercing eyes,
There Cupid's sacred fire lies.
Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,
For they have power to destroy;
Nor woo I for a smile or kiss,
So meanly triumphs not my bliss;
But a little higher, but a little higher,
I climb to crown my chaste desire.

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope,[1] blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

---

1 Campion had in his mind a passage of Propertius, II. 28:—

"Sunt apud infernos tot millia formosarum:
Pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis.
Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro,
Vobiscum Europe, nec proba Pasiphae."

WHAT then is love but mourning?
What desire, but a self-burning?
Till she, that hates, doth love return,
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Beauty is but a blooming,
Youth in his glory entombing;
Time hath a while, which none can stay:
Then come away, while thus I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Summer in winter fadeth;
Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth:
Like to the morn, are Venus' flowers;
Such are her hours: then will I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

THE man of life upright,
Whose cheerful mind is free
From weight of impious deeds
And yoke of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrows discontent;

That man needs neither towers,
Nor armour for defence,
Nor vaults his guilt to shroud
From thunder's violence;

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
His book of heavens he makes,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his surest friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

WHERE are all thy beauties now, all hearts enchaining?
Whither are thy flatterers gone with all their feigning?
All fled! and thou alone still here remaining!

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turned!
Cold, as thou art, are thy loves, that so much burned!
Who die in flatterers' arms are seldom mourned.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still proclaimed,
That none worthier than thyself thy worth hath blamed;
When their poor names are lost, thou shalt live famed.

When thy story, long time hence, shall be perused,
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused,
"None ever lived more just, none more abused."

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent
to shore
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber
more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out
of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my
soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high
Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour
dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines; whose beams
the Blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my
sprite to thee!

AWAKE, awake, thou heavy sprite,
That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin!
Rise now and walk the ways of light!
'Tis not too late yet to begin.
Seek heaven early, seek it late:
True Faith still finds an open gate.

Get up, get up, thou leaden man!
Thy track to endless joy or pain
Yields but the model of a span;
Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain!
One minute bounds thy bane or bliss:
Then watch and labour, while time is!

COME, cheerful day, part of my life to me:
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night.
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly:
So every day we live a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you,
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossest,
By feigned death life sweetly to renew!
Part of my life in that, you life deny:
So every day we live a day we die.

VAIN men, whose follies make a god of Love,
Whose blindness beauty doth immortal deem;
Praise not what you desire but what you prove,
Count those things good that are, not those that seem:
I cannot call her true that's false to me,
Nor make of women more than women be.

How fair an entrance breaks the way to love!
How rich of golden hope and gay delight!
What heart cannot a modest beauty move?
Who, seeing clear day once, will dream of night?
She seemed a saint, that brake her faith with me,
But proved a woman as all other be.

So bitter is their sweet that true content
Unhappy men in them may never find:
Ah! but without them none. Both must concent,
Else uncouth are the joys of either kind.
Let us then praise their good, forget their ill!
Men must be men, and women women still.

GIVE beauty all her right,
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfections 'bide.
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends;
Some swelling lips and red;
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime:
She visits every ground,
And favours every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My Sovereign is as sweet and fair.

Now let her change and spare not!
Since she proves strange I care not:
Feigned love charmed so my delight
That still I doted on her sight.
But she is gone, new joys embracing
And my desires disgracing.

When did I err in blindness,
Or vex her with unkindness?
If my cares served her alone,
Why is she thus untimely gone?
True love abides to th' hour of dying:
False love is ever flying.

False! then, farewell for ever!
Once false proves faithful never:
He that boasts now of thy love,
Shall soon my present fortunes prove.
Were he as fair as bright Adonis,
Faith is not had, where none is.

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours;
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine!
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love
While youthful revels, masques, and Courtly sights,
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well;
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

SHALL I come, sweet love, to thee,
When the evening beams are set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you find no feigned let?
Let me not, for pity, more,
Tell the long hours at your door!

Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite?
So may I die unredrest,
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain.
Do not mock me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

NEVER love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man:
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see;
And hang the head, as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,
Make a show of love to more:
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one:
For what is courtship, but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require,
Must a while themselves retire:
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
If these, and such like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear!

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred cherries to come nigh
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

ADVANCE your choral motions now,
You music-loving lights:
This night concludes the nuptial vow,
Make this the best of nights:
So bravely crown it with your beams
That it may live in fame
As long as Rhenus or the Thames
Are known by either name.

Once more again, yet nearer move
Your forms at willing view;
Such fair effects of joy and love
None can express but you.
Then revel midst your airy bowers
Till all the clouds do sweat,
That pleasure may be poured in showers
On this triumphant seat.

Long since hath lovely Flora thrown
Her flowers and garlands here;
Rich Ceres all her wealth hath shown,
Proud of her dainty cheer.
Changed then to human shape, descend,
Clad in familiar weed,
That every eye may here commend
The kind delights you breed.

WHAT is a day, what is a year
Of vain delight and pleasure?
Like to a dream it endless dies,
And from us like a vapour flies:
And this is all the fruit that we find,
Which glory in worldly treasure.

He that will hope for true delight,
With virtue must be graced;
Sweet folly yields a bitter taste,
Which ever will appear at last:
But if we still in virtue delight,
Our souls are in heaven placed.

WHAT if a day, or a month, or a year
Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet
contentings?
Cannot a chance of a night or an hour
Cross thy desires with as many sad tormentings?
Fortune, Honour, Beauty, Youth
Are but blossoms dying;
Wanton Pleasure, doting Love,
Are but shadows flying.
All our joys are but toys,
Idle thoughts deceiving;
None hath power of an hour
In our lives' bereaving.

Earth's but a point to the world, and a man
Is but a point to the world's compared centre:
Shall then a point of a point be so vain
As to triumph in a silly point's adventure?
All is hazard that we have,
There is nothing biding;
Days of pleasure are like streams
Through fair meadows gliding.
Weal and woe, time doth go,
Time is never turning:
Secret fates guide our states,
Both in mirth and mourning.

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold;
There is, underneath the sun,
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest;
None are worst, and none are best;
Grief and joy, and hope and fear,
Play their pageants everywhere:
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
Mocking our poor apish wit;
That so lamely, with such state,
Their high glory imitate:
No ill can be felt but pain,
And that happy men disdain.

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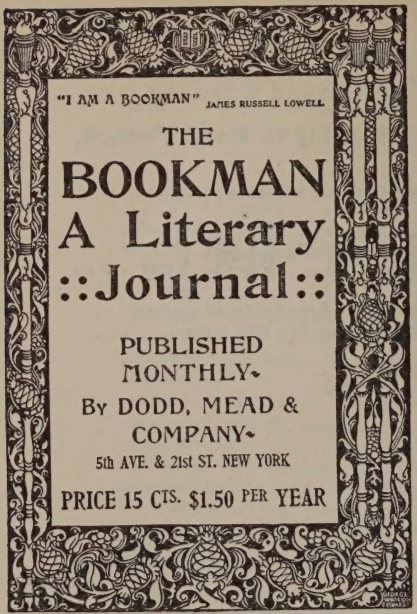

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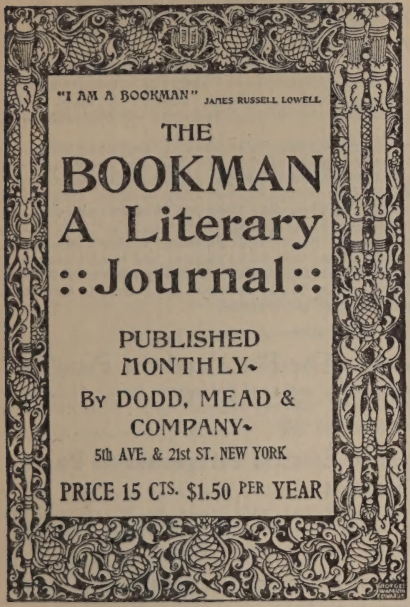

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It was, one may feel assured, on some such bitter November night, A. D. 1456, beneath the porch of the ruinous villa *that he came upon the dead* fille de joie *and possessed himself of her poor wage; a touch of insight that Stevenson could invoke at will: so that in this cabinet-piece,*

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT, *we behold the poet of* les neiges d'antan *somewhat as he must have been seen of his long vanished world of sorry men and women.*

That this is great art none will deny. Nor is it excessive and therefore undue praise to say that over and against the name of him who wrote Le Capitaine Fracasse, *must be set the kindred work and name of* ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

To say that, is to say all.

For the twelve months of 1895 subjects will be announced in the preceeding issue, thus:

FOR DECEMBER:

THE FIFTH ACT
of
THE CENCI.

A Lodging for the Night:

A Story of

Francis Villon.

"Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and fire,
A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire;
Shame soiled thy song, and song assoiled thy shame.
But from thy feet now death has washed the mire,
Love reads out first at head of all our quire,
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name."

"THIS gallows-bird was the one great writer of his age and country, and initiated modern literature for France . . . Out of him flows much of Rabelais; and through Rabelais, directly and indirectly, a deep, permanent, and growing inspiration.

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The date of the *Large Testament* (1461) is the last date in the poet's biography. After having achieved that admirable and despicable performance he disappears into the night from whence he came. . . . A sinister dog, in all likelihood, but with a look in his eye, and the loose flexile mouth that goes with wit and an over weening sensual temperament. Certainly the sorriest figure on the rolls of fame."

R. L. STEVENSON.

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT.

IT was late in November, 1456. The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor people, looking up under moist eyebrows, it seemed a wonder where it all came from. Master Francis Villon had propounded an alternative that afternoon, at a tavern window: was it only Pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus? or were the holy angels moulting? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went on; and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he durst not venture to conclude. A silly old priest from Montargis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to a bottle of wine in honour of the jest and grimaces with which it was accompanied, and swore on his own white beard that he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was Villon's age.

The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was

sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great false noses, drooping towards the point. The crockets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the precincts of the church.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. All the graves were decently covered; tall white housetops stood around in grave array; worthy burghers were long ago in bed, be-nightcapped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighbourhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir, and tossed the shadows to and fro in time to its oscillations. The clock was hard on ten when the patrol went by with halberds and

a lantern, beating their hands; and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without; only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney-top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of the continual drinker's; it

was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet, for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment; Villon making a ballade which he was to call the "Ballade of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility

breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burgesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavour of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel; something long, lithe, and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"*Some may prefer to dine in state*," wrote Villon, "*On bread and cheese on silver plate.* Or, or—help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"*Or parsley on a golden dish*," scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it, and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the chimney. The cold was growing sharper as the night went on. Villon, protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. It was an eerie, uncomfortable talent of the poet's, much detested by the Picardy monk.

"Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet?" said Villon. "They are all dancing the devil's jig on nothing, up there. You may dance, my gallants, you'll be none the warmer! Whew! what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar-tree!—I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold to-night on the St. Denis Road?" he asked.

Dom Nicolas winked both his big eyes, and seemed to choke upon his Adam's apple. Montfaucon, the great grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantry touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the

medlars; he had never heard anything more light-hearted; and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing.

"Oh, stop that row," said Villon, "and think of rhymes to 'fish.'"

"Doubles or quits," said Montigny doggedly.

"With all my heart," quoth Thevenin.

"Is there any more in that bottle?" asked the monk.

"Open another," said Villon. "How do you ever hope to fill that big hogshead, your body, with little things like bottles? And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Or do you think yourself another Elias — and they'll send the coach for you?"

"*Hominibus impossibile*," replied the monk as he filled his glass.

Tabary was in ecstasies.

Villon filliped his nose again.

"Laugh at my jokes, if you like," he said.

"It was very good," objected Tabary.

Villon made a face at him. "Think of

rhymes to 'fish,'" he said. "What have you to do with Latin? You'll wish you knew none of it at the great assizes, when the devil calls for Guido Tabary, clericus — the devil with the hump-back and red-hot finger-nails. Talking of the devil," he added in a whisper, "look at Montigny!"

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the gruesome burden.

"He looks as if he could knife him," whispered Tabary, with round eyes.

The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicolas, and not any excess of moral sensibility.

"Come now," said Villon — "about this ballade. How does it run so far?" And beating time with his hand, he read it aloud to Tabary.

They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the

gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor; then his head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open; and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to Him who made it.

Everyone sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos. The four living fellows looked at each other in rather a ghastly fashion; the dead man contemplating a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer.

"My God!" said Tabary; and he began to pray in Latin.

Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin, and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a stool, and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces.

Montigny recovered his composure first.

"Let's see what he has about him," he remarked, and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practiced hand, and divided the money into four equal portions on the table. "There's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair.

"We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth. "It's a hanging job for every man jack of us that's here — not to speak of those who aren't." He made a shocking gesture in the air with his raised right hand, and put out his tongue and threw his head on one side, so as to counterfeit the appearance of one who has been hanged. Then he pocketed his share of the spoil, and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself; he made a dash at the money, and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood.

"You fellows had better be moving," he said, as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet.

"I think we had," returned Villon, with a gulp. "Damn his fat head!" he broke out. "It sticks in my throat like phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead?" And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool, and fairly covered his face with his hands.

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in.

"Cry baby," said the monk.

"I always said he was a woman," added Montigny, with a sneer. "Sit up, can't you?" he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body. "Tread out that fire, Nick!"

But Nick was better employed; he was quietly taking Villon's purse, as the poet sat, limp and trembling, on the stool where he had been making a ballade not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In

many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet, and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear; there was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally; and as Villon was himself in a hurry to escape from the neighborhood of the dead Thevenin, and the rest were in a still greater hurry to get rid of him before he should discover the loss of his money, he was the first by general consent to issue forth into the street.

The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapours, as thin as moonlight, fleeted rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold; and by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little alps, below the twinkling stars. Villon cursed his fortune. Would it were still snowing!

Now, wherever he went, he left an indelible trail behind him on the glittering streets; wherever he went he was still tethered to the house by the cemetery of St. John; wherever he went he must weave, with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows. The leer of the dead man came back to him with a new significance. He snapped his fingers as if to pluck up his own spirits, and choosing a street at random, stepped boldly forward in the snow.

Two things preoccupied him as he went: the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy phase of the night's existence, for one; and for another, the look of the dead man with his bald head and garland of red curls. Both struck cold upon his heart, and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder with a sudden nervous jerk; but he was the only moving thing in the white streets, except when the wind swooped round a corner and threw up the snow, which was beginning to freeze, in spouts of glittering dust.

Suddenly he saw, a long way before him, a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. And though it was merely crossing his line of march he judged it wiser to get out of eyeshot as speedily as he could. He was not in the humour to be challenged, and he was conscious of making a very conspicuous mark upon the snow. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door; it was half-ruinous, he remembered, and had long stood empty; and so he made three steps of it, and jumped into the shelter of the porch. It was pretty dark inside, after the glimmer of the snowy streets, and he was groping forward with outspread hands, when he stumbled over some substance which offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap, and he sprang two steps back and stared dreadfully at the obstacle. Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt beside her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold, and

rigid like a stick. A little ragged finery fluttered in the wind about her hair, and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty; but in her stocking, underneath the garter, Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough; but it was always something; and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money. That seemed to him a dark and pitiable mystery; and he looked from the coins in his hand to the dead woman, and back again to the coins, shaking his head over the riddle of man's life. Henry V. of England, dying at Vincennes just after he had conquered France, and this poor jade cut off by a cold draught in a great man's doorway, before she had time to spend her couple of whites — it seemed a cruel way to carry on the world. Two whites would have taken such a little while to squander; and yet it would have been one more good taste in the mouth, one more smack of the lips, before the devil got the soul, and the body was left to birds and vermin. He would like to use all his

tallow before the light was blown out and the lantern broken.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was feeling, half mechanically, for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating; a feeling of cold scales passed up the back of his legs, and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; and then his loss burst upon him, and he was covered at once with perspiration. To spendthrifts money is so living and actual — it is such a thin veil between them and their pleasures! There is only one limit to their fortune — that of time; and a spendthrift with only a few crowns is the Emperor of Rome until they are spent. For such a person to lose his money is to suffer the most shocking reverse, and fall from heaven to hell, from all to nothing, in a breath. And all the more if he has put his head in the halter for it; if he may be hanged to-morrow for that same purse, so dearly earned, so foolishly departed! Villon stood and cursed; he threw the two whites into the street; he shook his fist at heaven; he stamped, and was not horrified

to find himself trampling the poor corpse. Then he began rapidly to retrace his steps towards the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his lost purse. It was in vain that he looked right and left upon the snow: nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped it in the streets. Had it fallen in the house? He would have liked dearly to go in and see; but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him. And he saw besides, as he drew near, that their efforts to put out the fire had been unsuccessful; on the contrary, it had broken into a blaze, and a changeful light played in the chinks of door and window, and revived his terror for the authorities and Paris gibbet.

He returned to the hotel with the porch, and groped about upon the snow for the money he had thrown away in his childish passion. But he could only find one white; the other had probably struck sideways and sunk deeply in. With a single white in his pocket, all his projects for a rousing night in some wild tavern vanished utterly away. And it was not only pleasure that fled laugh-

ing from his grasp; positive discomfort, positive pain, attacked him as he stood ruefully before the porch. His perspiration had dried upon him; and although the wind had now fallen, a binding frost was setting in stronger with every hour, and he felt benumbed and sick at heart. What was to be done? Late as was the hour, improbable as was success, he would try the house of his adopted father, the chaplain of St. Benoît.

He ran there all the way, and knocked timidly. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, taking heart with every stroke; and at last steps were heard approaching from within. A barred wicket fell open in the iron-studded door, and emitted a gush of yellow light.

"Hold up your face to the wicket," said the chaplain from within.

"It's only me," whimpered Villon.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" returned the chaplain; and he cursed him with foul unpriestly oaths for disturbing him at such an hour, and bade him be off to hell, where he came from.

"My hands are blue to the wrist," pleaded Villon; "my feet are dead and full of twinges;

my nose aches with the sharp air; the cold lies at my heart. I may be dead before morning. Only this once, father, and before God, I will never ask again!"

"You should have come earlier," said the ecclesiastic coolly. "Young men require a lesson now and then." He shut the wicket and retired deliberately into the interior of the house.

Villon was beside himself; he beat upon the door with his hands and feet, and shouted hoarsely after the chaplain.

"Wormy old fox!" he cried. "If I had my hand under your twist, I would send you flying headlong into the bottomless pit."

A door shut in the interior, faintly audible to the poet down long passages. He passed his hand over his mouth with an oath. And then the humour of the situation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to heaven, where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture.

What was to be done? It looked very like a night in the frosty streets. The idea of the dead woman popped into his imagination, and gave him a hearty fright; what had happened to her in the early night

might very well happen to him before morning. And he so young! and with such immense possibilities of disorderly amusement before him! He felt quite pathetic over the notion of his own fate, as if it had been some one else's, and made a little imaginative vignette of the scene in the morning when they should find his body.

He passed all his chances under review, turning the white between his thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately he was on bad terms with some old friends who would once have taken pity on him in such a plight. He had lampooned them in verses; he had beaten and cheated them; and yet now, when he was in so close a pinch, he thought there was at least one who might perhaps relent. It was a chance. It was worth trying at least, and he would go and see.

On the way, two little accidents happened to him which coloured his musings in a very different manner. For, first, he fell in with the track of a patrol, and walked in it for some hundred yards, although it lay out of his direction. And this spirited him up; at least he had confused his trail; for he was still possessed with the idea of people track-

ing him all about Paris over the snow, and collaring him next morning before he was awake. The other matter affected him quite differently. He passed a street corner, where, not so long before, a woman and her child had been devoured by wolves. This was just the kind of weather, he reflected, when wolves might take it into their heads to enter Paris again; and a lone man in these deserted streets would run the chance of something worse than a mere scare. He stopped and looked upon the place with an unpleasant interest — it was a centre where several lanes intersected each other; and he looked down them all, one after another, and held his breath to listen, lest he should detect some galloping black things on the snow or hear the sound of howling between him and the river. He remembered his mother telling him the story and pointing out the spot, while he was yet a child. His mother! If he only knew where she lived, he might make sure at least of shelter. He determined he would inquire upon the morrow; nay, he would go and see her too, poor old girl! So thinking, he arrived at his destination — his last hope for the night.

The house was quite dark, like its neighbours; and yet after a few taps, he heard a movement overhead, a door opening, and a cautious voice asking who was there. The poet named himself in a loud whisper, and waited, not without some trepidation, the result. Nor had he to wait long. A window was suddenly opened, and a pailful of slops splashed down upon the doorstep. Villon had not been unprepared for something of the sort, and had put himself as much in shelter as the nature of the porch admitted; but for all that, he was deplorably drenched below the waist. His hose began to freeze almost at once. Death from cold and exposure stared him in the face; he remembered he was of phthisical tendency, and began coughing tentatively. But the gravity of the danger steadied his nerves. He stopped a few hundred yards from the door where he had been so rudely used, and reflected with his finger to his nose. He could only see one way of getting a lodging, and that was to take it. He had noticed a house not far away, which looked as if it might be easily broken into, and thither he betook himself promptly, entertaining him-

self on the way with the idea of a room still hot, with a table still loaded with the remains of supper, where he might pass the rest of the black hours and whence he should issue, on the morrow, with an armful of valuable plate. He even considered on what viands and what wines he should prefer; and as he was calling the roll of his favorite dainties, roast fish presented itself to his mind with an odd mixture of amusement and horror.

"I shall never finish that ballade," he thought to himself; and then, with another shudder at the recollection, "Oh, damn his fat head!" he repeated fervently, and spat upon the snow.

The house in question looked dark at first sight; but as Villon made a preliminary inspection in search of the handiest point of attack, a little twinkle of light caught his eye from behind a curtained window.

"The devil!" he thought. "People awake! Some student or some saint, confound the crew! Can't they get drunk and lie in bed snoring like their neighbours! What's the good of curfew, and poor devils of bell-ringers jumping at a rope's end in

bell-towers? What's the use of day, if people sit up all night? The gripes to them!" He grinned as he saw where his logic was leading him. "Every man to his business, after all," added he, "and if they're awake, by the Lord, I may come by a supper honestly for once, and cheat the devil."

He went boldly to the door and knocked with an assured hand. On both previous occasions, he had knocked timidly and with some dread of attracting notice; but now when he had just discarded the thought of a burglarious entry, knocking at a door seemed a mighty simple and innocent proceeding. The sound of his blows echoed through the house with thin, phantasmal reverberations, as though it were quite empty; but these had scarcely died away before a measured tread drew near, a couple of bolts were withdrawn, and one wing was opened broadly, as though no guile or fear of guile were known to those within. A tall figure of a man, muscular and spare, but a little bent confronted Villon. The head was massive in bulk, but finely sculptured; the nose blunt at the bottom, but refining upward to where it joined a pair of strong and honest eye-

brows; the mouth and eyes surrounded with delicate markings, and the whole face based upon a thick white beard, boldly and squarely trimmed. Seen as it was by the light of a flickering hand-lamp, it looked perhaps nobler than it had a right to do; but it was a fine face, honourable rather than intelligent, strong, simple, and righteous.

"You knock late, sir," said the old man in resonant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed, and brought up many servile words of apology; at a crisis of this sort, the beggar was uppermost in him, and the man of genius hid his head with confusion.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry? Well, step in." And he ordered him into the house with a noble enough gesture.

"Some great seigneur," thought Villon, as his host, setting down the lamp on the flagged pavement of the entry, shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said, when this was done; and he preceded the poet upstairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was

very bare of furniture: only some gold plate on a sideboard; some folios; and a stand of armour between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls, representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one piece, and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house to-night, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon leaped from the chair on which he had just seated himself, and began examining the room, with the stealth and passion of a cat. He weighed the gold flagons in his hand, opened all the folios, and investigated the arms upon the shield, and the stuff with which the seats were lined. He raised the window curtains, and saw that the windows were set with rich stained glass in figures, so far as he could see, of martial import. Then he stood in the middle of the room, drew a long breath, and retaining it with puffed cheeks, looked round and round him, turn-

ing on his heels, as if to impress every feature of the apartment on his memory.

"Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there had been ten, I would have risked it. A fine house, and a fine old master, so help me all the saints!"

And just then, hearing the old man's tread returning along the corridor, he stole back to his chair, and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He sat down the plate upon the table, motioning Villon to draw in his chair, and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets, which he filled.

"I drink your better fortune," he said, gravely touching Villon's cup with his own.

"To our better acquaintance," said the poet, growing bold. A mere man of the people would have been awed by the courtesy of the old seigneur, but Villon was hardened in that matter; he had made mirth for great lords before now, and found them as black rascals as himself. And so he devoted himself to the viands wtih a ravenous gusto,

while the old man, leaning backward, watched him with steady, curious eyes.

"You have blood on your shoulder, my man," he said.

Montigny must have laid his wet right hand upon him as he left the house. He cursed Montigny in his heart.

"It was none of my shedding," he stammered.

"I had not supposed so," returned his host quietly. "A brawl?"

"Well, something of that sort," Villon admitted with a quaver.

"Perhaps a fellow murdered?"

"Oh, no, not murdered," said the poet, more and more confused. "It was all fair play—murdered by accident. I had no hand in it, God strike me dead!" he added fervently.

"One rogue the fewer, I dare say," observed the master of the house.

"You may dare to say that," agreed Villon, infinitely relieved. "As big a rogue as there is between here and Jerusalem. He turned up his toes like a lamb. But it was a nasty thing to look at. I dare say you've

seen dead men in your time, my lord?" he added, glancing at the armour.

"Many," said the old man. "I have followed the wars, as you imagine."

Villon laid down his knife and fork, which he had just taken up again.

"Were any of them bald?" he asked.

"Oh yes, and with hair as white as mine."

"I don't think I should mind the white so much," said Villon. "His was red." And he had a return of his shuddering and tendency to laughter, which he drowned with a great draught of wine. "I'm a little put out when I think of it," he went on. "I knew him—damn him! And then the cold gives a man fancies—or the fancies give a man cold, I don't know which."

"Have you any money?" asked the old man.

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead jade's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Cæsar, poor wench, and as cold as a church, with bits of ribbon sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wenches and poor rogues like me."

"I," said the old man, "am Enguerrand

de la Feuillèe, seigneur de Brisetout, bailly du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. "I am called Francis Villon," he said, "a poor Master of Arts of this university. I know some Latin, and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballades, lais, virelais, and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night forward I am your lordship's very obsequious servant to command."

"No servant of mine," said the knight "my guest for this evening, and no more."

"A very grateful guest," said Villon politely, and he drank in dumb show to his entertainer.

"You are shrewd," began the old man, tapping his forehead, "very shrewd; you have learning; you are a clerk; and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?"

"It is a kind of theft much practiced in the wars, my lord."

"The wars are the field of honour," re-

turned the old man proudly. "There a man plays his life upon the cast; he fights in the name of his lord the king, his Lord God, and all their lordships the holy saints and angels."

"Put it," said Villon, "that I were really a thief, should I not play my life also, and against heavier odds?"

"For gain but not for honour."

"Gain?" repeated Villon with a shrug. "Gain! The poor fellow wants supper, and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are all these requisitions we hear so much about? If they are not gain to those who take them, they are loss enough to the others. The men-at-arms drink by a good fire, while the burgher bites his nails to buy them wine and wood. I have seen a good many ploughmen swinging on trees about the country; ay, I have seen thirty on one elm, and a very poor figure they made; and when I asked someone how all these came to be hanged, I was told it was because they could not scrape together enough crowns to satisfy the men-at-arms."

"These things are a necessity of war, which the low-born must endure with con-

stancy. It is true that some captains drive overhard; there are spirits in every rank not easily moved by pity; and indeed many follow arms who are no better than brigands."

"You see," said the poet, "you cannot separate the soldier from the brigand; and what is a thief but an isolated brigand with circumspect manners? I steal a couple of mutton chops, without so much as disturbing people's sleep; the farmer grumbles a bit, but sups none the less wholesomely on what remains. You come up blowing gloriously on a trumpet, take away the whole sheep, and beat the farmer pitifully into the bargain. I have no trumpet; I am only Tom, Dick or Harry; I am a rogue and a dog, and hanging's too good for me—with all my heart; but just ask the farmer which of us he prefers, just find out which of us he lies awake to curse on cold nights."

"Look at us two," said his lordship. "I am old, strong, and honoured. If I were turned from my house to-morrow, hundreds would be proud to shelter me. Poor people would go out and pass the night in the streets with their children, if I merely hinted that I wished to be alone. And I find you

up, wandering homeless, and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside! I fear no man and nothing; I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a word. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house, or, if it please the king to call me out again, upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows; a rough, swift death, without hope or honor. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born lord of Brisetout, and you had been the poor scholar Francis, would the difference have been any the less? Should not I have been warming my knees at this charcoal pan, and would not you have been groping for farthings in the snow? Should not I have been the soldier, and you the thief?"

"A thief?" cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words, you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your lordship had done me the honour to follow my argument!" he said.

"I do you too much honour in submitting

to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your tongue when you speak with old and honourable men, or some one hastier than I may reprove you in a sharper fashion." And he rose and paced the lower end of the apartment, struggling with anger and antipathy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup, and settled himself more comfortably in the chair, crossing his knees and leaning his head upon one hand and the elbow against the back of the chair. He was now replete and warm; and he was in nowise frightened for his host, having gauged him as justly as was possible between two such different characters. The night was far spent, and in a very comfortable fashion after all; and he felt morally certain of a safe departure on the morrow.

"Tell me one thing," said the old man pausing in his walk. "Are you really a thief?"

"I claim the sacred rights of hospitality," returned the poet. "My lord, I am."

"You are very young," the knight continued.

"I should never have been so old," replied Villon, showing his fingers, "if I had

not helped myself with these ten talents. They have been my nursing mothers and my nursing fathers."

"You may still repent and change."

"I repent daily," said the poet. "There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for change, let somebody change my circumstances. A man must continue to eat, if it were only that he may continue to repent."

"The change must begin in the heart," returned the old man solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy that I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing, like any other piece of work or of danger. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat, I must drink, I must mix in society of some sort. What the devil! Man is not a solitary animal—*Cui Deus fœminam tradit.* Make me king's pantler—make me abbot of St. Denis; make me bailly of the Patatrac; and then I shall be changed indeed. But as long as you leave me the poor scholar Francis Villon, without a farthing, why, of course, I remain the same."

"The grace of God is all-powerful."

"I should be a heretic to question it," said Francis. "It has made you lord of Brisetout and bailly of the Patatrac; it has given me nothing but the quick wits under my hat and these ten toes upon my hands. May I help myself to wine? I thank you respectfully. By God's grace, you have a very superior vintage."

The lord of Brisetout walked to and fro with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he was not yet quite settled in his mind about the parallel between thieves and soldiers; perhaps Villon had interested him by some cross-thread of sympathy; perhaps his wits were simply muddled by so much unfamiliar reasoning; but whatever the cause, he somehow yearned to convert the young man to a better way of thinking, and could not make up his mind to drive him forth again into the street.

"There is something more than I can understand in this," he said at length. "Your mouth is full of subtleties, and the devil has led you very far astray; but the devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honour, like darkness at morning. Listen to me

once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God, and the king, and his lady; and though I have seen many strange things done, I have still striven to command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honour, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise —and yet I think I am—but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honour and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, dis-

regarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?"

Villon was sensibly nettled under all this sermonizing. "You think I have no sense of honour!" he cried. "I'm poor enough, God knows! It's hard to see rich people with their gloves, and you blowing in your hands. An empty belly is a bitter thing, although you speak so lightly of it. If you had had as many as I, perhaps you would change your tune. Any way I'm a thief—make the most of that—but I'm not a devil from hell, God strike me dead. I would have you to know I've an honour of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any. It seems quite natural to me; I keep it in its box till it's wanted. Why now, look you here, how long have I been in this room with you? Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there

would have been me, linking in the streets, with an armful of golden cups! Did you suppose I hadn't wit enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your damned goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your heart ticking as good as new; and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth! And you think I have no sense of honour—God strike me dead!"

The old man stretched out his right arm. "I will tell you what you are," he said. "You are a rogue, my man, an impudent and black-hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh! believe me, I feel myself disgraced! And you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick at your presence; the day has come, and the night-bird should be off to his roost. Will you go before, or after?"

"Which you please," returned the poet, rising. "I believe you to be strictly honourable." He thoughtfully emptied his cup. "I wish I could add you were intelligent," he went on, knocking on his head with his

knuckles. "Age! age! the brains stiff and rheumatic."

The old man preceded him from a point of self-respect; Villon followed, whistling, with his thumbs in his girdle.

"God pity you," said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

"Good-bye, papa," returned Villon with a yawn. "Many thanks for the cold mutton."

The door closed behind him. The dawn was breaking over the white roofs. A chill, uncomfortable morning ushered in the day. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth."

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THE great Fifth Act of THE CENCI *is the consummate flower of Shelley's heart and brain made one. In it he came to that 'superb achievement' which lifts his name out of the reach of change or chance of adverse criticism; and after seventy years there has arisen no other master of human pathos and passion to dispute his indisputable tragic gift.*

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Here resemblance ends; in all else it is far otherwise with THE CENCI, *informed from first to last with one portentous thought. For here we behold a Fate that strikes down bad and good alike,—see a world wherein 'no difference has been*

made,'— and hear these things uttered with passionate intensity that impugns the undivine forgetfulness of God.

This it is that in the final act give the final words of Beatrice a poignancy scarce bearable,— a pity for one about to die never before made so absolutely manifest to men.

Beatrice has no certitude of the unwritten yet enduring laws possible to the mind of Antigone. 'I am cut off from the only world I know . . in youth's sweet prime,'— and then, 'farewell, farewell, farewell!' Such is the mental attitude and end of her,— a great tragic height that places THE CENCI *with* KING LEAR, *and* ŒDIPUS: *the name of Shelley beside the names of Shakespeare and of Sophocles.*

For the twelve months of 1896 subjects will be announced in the preceding issue, thus:

FOR JANUARY:

A FLOWER
of
LAURIUM.

THE FIFTH ACT
of
THE CENCI.

"God's justice"—(of the multiplicity
Of such communications extant still,
Recording, each, injustice done by God
In person of his Vicar-upon-earth,
Scarce one but leads off to the self-same tune)—
"God's justice, tardy though it prove perchance,
Rests never on the track until it reach
Delinquency." . . .
Ay, or how otherwise had come to pass
That Victor rules, this present year, in Rome?"

ROBERT BROWNING.
(Cenciaja: 1876.)

"IF Shelley had lived the 'Cenci' would not now be the one great play written in the great manner of Shakespeare's men that our literature has seen since the time of these. The proof of power is here as sure and as clear as in Shelley's lyric work; he has shown himself, what the dramatist must needs be, as able to face the light of hell as of heaven, to handle the fires of evil as to brighten the beauties of things. . . . His tragic truth and excellence are as certain and absolute as the sweetness and the glory of his songs."

A. C. SWINBURNE.

"The Fifth Act is a masterpiece. It is the finest thing he ever wrote, and may claim proud comparison not only with any contemporary, but preceding, poet. The varying feelings of Beatrice are expressed with passionate, heart-reaching eloquence. Every character has a voice that echoes truth in its tones."

MRS. SHELLEY: NOTE ON "THE CENCI."

ARGUMENT.

"THE story is that an old man, having spent his life in debauchery and wickedness, conceived at length an implacable hatred towards his children; which showed itself towards one daughter under the form of an incestuous passion, aggravated by every circumstance of cruelty and violence. The daughter, after long and vain attempts to escape from what she considered a perpetual contamination both of body and mind, at length plotted with her step-mother and brother to murder their common tyrant. The young maiden who was urged to this tremendous deed by an impulse which overpowered its horror was evidently a most gentle and amiable being, a creature formed to adorn and be admired, and thus violently thwarted from her nature by the necessity of circumstance and opinion. The deed was quickly discovered: and, in spite of the most earnest prayers made to the Pope by the highest persons in Rome, the criminals were put to death."

SHELLEY'S PREFACE TO THE CENCI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LUCRETIA, *wife of* COUNT CENCI, *and step-mother of his children.*
BEATRICE, *his daughter.*
GIACOMO, BERNARDO, } *Sons of Count* CENCI.
ORSINO, *a Prelate.*
CARDINAL CAMILLO.
MARZIO, *an assassin.*
Judges, Guards, Officer, Servants.
SCENE.—*Rome.*
TIME.—*During the Pontificate of Clement VIII.*

SCENE I.

AN APARTMENT IN ORSINO'S PALACE. ENTER ORSINO AND GIACOMO.

Do evil deeds thus quickly come to end?
O, that the vain remorse which must chastise
Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn
As its keen sting is mortal to avenge!
O, that the hour when present had cast off
The mantle of its mystery, and shewn
The ghastly form with which it now returns
When its scared game is roused, cheering the hounds
Of conscience to their prey! Alas! Alas!
It was a wicked thought, a piteous deed,
To kill an old and hoary-headed father.

ORSINO.

It has turned out unluckily, in truth.

GIACOMO.

To violate the sacred doors of sleep;
To cheat kind nature of the placid death
Which she prepares for overwearied age;

To drag from Heaven an unrepentant soul
Which might have quenched in reconciling prayers
A life of burning crimes . . .

ORSINO.

You cannot say
I urged you to the deed.

GIACOMO.

O, had I never
Found in thy smooth and ready countenance
The mirror of my darkest thoughts; hadst thou
Never with hints and questions made me look
Upon the monster of my thought, until
It grew familiar to desire . . .

ORSINO.

'Tis thus
Men cast the blame of their unprosperous acts
Upon the abettors of their own resolve;
Or any thing but their weak, guilty selves.
And yet, confess the truth, it is the peril
In which you stand that gives you this pale sickness
Of penitence; Confess 'tis fear disguised
From its own shame that takes the mantle now
Of thin remorse. What if we yet were safe?

GIACOMO.

How can that be? Already Beatrice,
Lucretia and the murderer are in prison.
I doubt not officers are, whilst we speak,
Sent to arrest us.

ORSINO.

I have all prepared
For instant flight. We can escape even now,
So we take fleet occasion by the hair.

GIACOMO.

Rather expire in tortures, as I may.
What! will you cast by self-accusing flight
Assured conviction upon Beatrice?
She, who alone in this unnatural work,
Stands like God's angel ministered upon
By fiends; avenging such a nameless wrong
As turns black parricide to piety;
Whilst we for basest ends . . . I fear, Orsino,
While I consider all your words and looks,
Comparing them with your proposal now,
That you must be a villain. For what end
Could you engage in such a perilous crime,
Training me on with hints, and signs, and smiles,
Even to this gulph? Thou art no liar? No,
Thou art a lie! Traitor and murderer!

Coward and slave! But, no, defend thyself; (*drawing.*)
Let the sword speak what the indignant tongue
Disdains to brand thee with.

ORSINO.

Put up your weapon.
Is it the desperation of your fear
Makes you thus rash and sudden with a friend,
Now ruined for your sake? If honest anger
Have moved you, know, that what I just proposed
Was but to try you. As for me, I think,
Thankless affection led me to this point,
From which, if my firm temper could repent,
I cannot now recede. Even whilst we speak
The ministers of justice wait below:
They grant me these brief moments. Now if you
Have any word of melancholy comfort
To speak to your pale wife, 'twere best to pass
Out at the postern, and avoid them so.

GIACOMO.

O, generous friend! How canst thou pardon me?
Would that my life could purchase thine!

ORSINO.

That wish
Now comes a day too late. Haste; fare thee well!
Hear'st thou not steps along the corridor? (*Exit* GIACOMO.)

I'm sorry for it; but the guards are waiting
At his own gate, and such was my contrivance
That I might rid me both of him and them.
I thought to act a solemn comedy
Upon the painted scene of this new world,
And to attain my own peculiar ends
By some such plot of mingled good and ill
As others weave; but there arose a Power
Which graspt and snapped the threads of my device
And turned it to a net of ruin . . . Ha! (*a shout is heard.*)
Is that my name I hear proclaimed abroad?
But I will pass, wrapt in a vile disguise;
Rags on my back, and a false innocence
Upon my face, thro' the misdeeming crowd
Which judges by what seems. 'Tis easy then
For a new name and for a country new,
And a new life, fashioned on old desires,
To change the honours of abandoned Rome.
And these must be the masks of that within,
Which must remain unaltered . . . Oh, I fear
That what is past will never let me rest!
Why, when none else is conscious, but myself,
Of my misdeeds, should my own heart's contempt
Trouble me? Have I not the power to fly
My own reproaches? Shall I be the slave
Of . . . what? A word? which those of this false world

Employ against each other, not themselves;
As men wear daggers not for self-offence.
But if I am mistaken, where shall I
Find the disguise to hide me from myself,
As now I skulk from every other eye? (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

A Hall of Justice. CAMILLO, Judges &c. are discovered seated; MARZIO is led in.

First Judge.

Accused, do you persist in your denial?
I ask you, are you innocent, or guilty?
I demand who were the participators
In your offence? Speak truth and the whole truth.

Marzio.

My God! I did not kill him; I know nothing;
Olimpio sold the robe to me from which
You would infer my guilt.

Second Judge.

Away with him!

First Judge.

Dare you, with lips yet white from the rack's kiss
Speak false? Is it so soft a questioner,

That you would bandy lover's talk with it
Till it wind out your life and soul? Away!

MARZIO.

Spare me! O, spare! I will confess.

FIRST JUDGE.

Then speak.

MARZIO.

I strangled him in his sleep.

FIRST JUDGE.

Who urged you to it?

MARZIO.

His own son Giacomo, and the young prelate
Orsino sent me to Petrella; there
The ladies Beatrice and Lucretia
Tempted me with a thousand crowns, and I
And my companion forthwith murdered him.
Now let me die.

FIRST JUDGE.

This sounds as bad as truth. Guards, there,
Lead forth the prisoners!

Enter LUCRETIA, BEATRICE *and* GIACOMO, *guarded.*

Look upon this man;
When did you see him last?

BEATRICE.

We never saw him.

MARZIO.

You know me too well, Lady Beatrice.

BEATRICE.

I know thee! How? where? when?

MARZIO.

You know 'twas I
Whom you did urge with menances and bribes
To kill your father. When the thing was done
You clothed me in a robe of woven gold
And bade me thrive: how I have thriven, you see.
You, my Lord Giacomo, Lady Lucretia,
You know that what I speak is true.
(BEATRICE *advances towards him; he covers his face, and shrinks back.*) O, dart
The terrible resentment of those eyes
On the dead earth! Turn them away from me!
They wound: 'twas torture forced the truth. My Lords,
Having said this let me be led to death.

BEATRICE.

Poor wretch, I pity thee: yet stay awhile.

CAMILLO.

Guards, lead him not away.

BEATRICE.

Cardinal Camillo,
You have a good repute for gentleness
And wisdom: can it be that you sit here
To countenance a wicked farce like this?
When some obscure and trembling slave is dragged
From sufferings which might shake the sternest heart
And bade to answer, not as he believes,
But as those may suspect or do desire
Whose questions thence suggest their own reply:
And that in peril of such hideous torments
As merciful God spares even the damned. Speak now
The thing you surely know, which is that you,
If your fine frame were stretched upon that wheel,
And you were told: "Confess that you did poison
Your little nephew; that fair blue-eyed child
Who was the loadstar of your life:"—and though
All see, since his most swift and piteous death,
That day and night, and heaven and earth, and time,
And all the things hoped for or done therein
Are changed to you, through your exceeding grief,
Yet you would say, "I confess any thing:"
And beg from your tormentors, like that slave,

The refuge of dishonourable death,
I pray thee, Cardinal, that thou assert
My innocence.

CAMILLO (*much moved*).

What shall we think, my Lords?
Shame on these tears! I thought the heart was frozen
Which is their fountain. I would pledge my soul
That she is guiltless.

JUDGE.

Yet she must be tortured.

CAMILLO.

I would as soon have tortured mine own nephew
(If he now lived he would be just her age;
His hair, too, was her colour, and his eyes
Like her's in shape, but blue and not so deep)
As that most perfect image of God's love
That ever came sorrowing upon the earth.
She is as pure as speechless infancy!

JUDGE.

Well, be her purity on your head, my Lord,
If you forbid the rack. His Holiness
Enjoined us to pursue this monstrous crime
By the severest forms of law; nay even

To stretch a point against the criminals.
The prisoners stand accused of parricide
Upon such evidence as justifies
Torture.

BEATRICE.

What evidence? This man's?

JUDGE.

Even so.

BEATRICE (*to* MARZIO).

Come near. And who art thou thus chosen forth
Out of the multitude of living men
To kill the innocent?

MARZIO.

I am MARZIO,
Thy father's vassal.

BEATRICE.

Fix thine eyes on mine;
Answer to what I ask. (*turning to the Judges*)
I prithee mark
His countenance: unlike bold calumny
Which sometimes dares not speak the thing it looks,
He dares not look the thing he speaks, but bends
His gaze on the blind earth.
(*to* MARZIO) What! wilt thou say
That I did murder my own father?

MARZIO.

Oh!
Spare me! My brain swims round . . . I cannot
speak . . .
It was that horrid torture forced the truth.
Take me away! Let her not look on me!
I am a guilty miserable wretch;
I have said all I know; now, let me die!

BEATRICE.

My Lords, if by my nature I had been
So stern, as to have planned the crime alleged,
Which your suspicions dictate to this slave,
And the rack makes him utter, do you think
I should have left this two-edged instrument
Of my misdeed; this man, this bloody knife
With my own name engraven on the heft,
Lying unsheathed amid a world of foes,
For my own death? That with such horrible need
For deepest silence, I should have neglected
So trivial a precaution, as the making
His tomb the keeper of a secret written
On a thief's memory? What is his poor life?
What are a thousand lives? A parricide
Had trampled them like dust; and, see, he lives!
(*turning to* MARZIO) And thou. . .

MARZIO.

Oh, spare me! Speak to me no more!

That stern yet piteous look, those solemn tones,
Wound worse than torture.
(*to the Judges*) I have told it all;
For pity's sake lead me away to death.

CAMILLO.

Guards, lead him nearer the Lady Beatrice,
He shrinks from her regard like autumn's leaf
From the keen breath of the serenest north.

BEATRICE.

Oh, thou who tremblest on the giddy verge
Of life and death, pause ere thou answerest me;
So mayst thou answer God with less dismay:
What evil have we done thee? I, alas!
Have lived but on this earth a few sad years
And so my lot was ordered, that a father
First turned the moments of awakening life
To drops, each poisoning youth's sweet hope; and then
Stabbed with one blow my everlasting soul;
And my untainted fame; and even that peace
Which sleeps within the core of the heart's heart;
But the wound was not mortal; so my hate
Became the only worship I could lift
To our great father, who in pity and love,
Armed thee, as thou dost say, to cut him off;
And thus his wrong becomes my accusation;
And art thou the accuser? If thou hopest

Mercy in heaven, shew justice upon earth:
Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.
If thou hast done murders, made thy life's path
Over the trampled laws of God and man,
Rush not before thy Judge, and say: "My maker,
"I have done this and more; for there was one
"Who was most pure and innocent on earth;
"And because she endured what never any
"Guilty or innocent endured before:
"Because her wrongs could not be told, not thought;
"Because thy hand at length did rescue her;
"I with my words killed her and all her kin."
Think, I adjure you, what it is to slay
The reverence living in the minds of men
Towards our ancient house, and stainless fame!
Think what it is to strangle infant pity,
Cradled in the belief of guileless looks,
Till it become a crime to suffer. Think
What 'tis to blot with infamy and blood
All that which shews like innocence, and is,
Hear me, great God! I swear, most innocent,
So that the world lose all discrimination
Between the sly, fierce, wild regard of guilt,
And that which now compels thee to reply
To what I ask: Am I, or am I not
A parricide?

MARZIO.

Thou art not!

JUDGE.

What is this?

MARZIO.

I here declare those whom I did accuse
Are innocent. 'Tis I alone am guilty.

JUDGE.

Drag him away to torments; let them be
Subtle and long drawn out, to tear the folds
Of the heart's inmost cell. Unbind him not
Till he confess.

MARZIO.

Torture me as ye will:
A keener pain has wrung a higher truth
From my last breath. She is most innocent!
Bloodhounds, not men, glut yourselves well with me;
I will not give you that fine piece of nature
To rend and ruin. (*Exit* MARZIO *Guarded.*)

CAMILLO.

What say ye now, my Lords?

JUDGE.

Let tortures strain the truth till it be white
As snow thrice sifted by the frozen wind.

CAMILLO.

Yet stained with blood.

JUDGE (*to* BEATRICE).

Know you this paper, Lady?

BEATRICE.

Entrap me not with questions. Who stands here
As my accuser? Ha! wilt thou be he,
Who art my judge? Accuser, witness, judge,
What, all in one? Here is Orsino's name;
Where is Orsino? Let his eye meet mine.
What means this scrawl? Alas! Ye know not what,
And therefore on the chance that it may be
Some evil, will ye kill us?

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

Marzio's dead.

JUDGE.

What did he say?

OFFICER.

Nothing. As soon as we
Had bound him on the wheel, he smiled on us,
As one who baffles a deep adversary;
And holding his breath, died.

JUDGE.

There remains nothing
But to apply the question to those prisoners,
Who yet remain stubborn.

CAMILLO.

I overrule
Further proceedings, and in the behalf
Of these most innocent and noble persons
Will use my interest with the Holy Father.

JUDGE.

Let the Pope's pleasure then be done. Meanwhile
Conduct these culprits each to separate cells;
And be the engines ready: for this night
If the Pope's resolution be as grave,
Pious, and just as once, I'll wring the truth
Out of those nerves and sinews, groan by groan.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

THE CELL OF A PRISON. BEATRICE IS DISCOVERED ASLEEP ON A COUCH; ENTER BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

How gently slumber rests upon her face,
Like the last thoughts of some day sweetly spent
Closing in night and dreams, and so prolonged.
After such torments as she bore last night,
How light and soft her breathing comes. Ay, me!

Methinks that I shall never sleep again.
But I must shake the heavenly dew of rest
From this sweet folded flower, thus. . . wake! awake!
What, sister, canst thou sleep?

BEATRICE (*awaking*).

I was just dreaming
That we were all in Paradise. Thou knowest
This cell seems like a kind of Paradise
After our father's presence.

BERNARDO.

Dear, dear sister,
Would that thy dream were not a dream! O, God!
How shall I tell?

BEATRICE.

What wouldst thou tell, sweet brother?

BERNARDO.

Look not so calm and happy, or even whilst
I stand considering what I have to say
My heart will break.

BEATRICE.

See now, thou mak'st me weep:
How very friendless thou wouldst be, dear child,
If I were dead. Say what thou hast to say.

BERNARDO.

They have confessed; they could endure no more
The tortures. . .

BEATRICE.

Ha! What was there to confess?
They must have told some weak and wicked lie
To flatter their tormentors. Have they said
That they were guilty? O, white innocence,
That thou shouldst wear the mask of guilt to hide
Thine awful and serenest countenance
From those who know thee not!

Enter JUDGE *with* LUCRETIA *and* GIACOMO, *guarded.*

Ignoble hearts!
For some brief spasms of pain, which are at least
As mortal as the limbs through which they pass,
Are centuries of high splendour laid in dust?
And that eternal honour which should live
Sunlike, above the reek of mortal fame,
Changed to a mockery and a bye-word? What!
Will you give up these bodies to be dragged
At horses' heels, so that our hair should sweep
The footsteps of the vain and senseless crowd,
Who, that they may make our calamity
Their worship and their spectacle, will leave
The churches and the theatres as void

As their own hearts? Shall the light multitude
Fling, at their choice, curses or faded pity,
Sad funeral flowers to deck a living corpse,
Upon us as we pass to pass away,
And leave. . .what memory of our having been?
Infamy, blood, terror, despair? O thou,
Who wert a mother to the parentless,
Kill not thy child! Let not her wrongs kill thee!
Brother, lie down with me upon the rack,
And let us each be silent as a corpse;
It soon will be as soft as any grave.
'Tis but the falsehood it can wring from fear
Makes the rack cruel.

GIACOMO.

They will tear the truth
Even from thee at last, those cruel pains:
For pity's sake say thou art guilty now.

LUCRETIA.

O, speak the truth! Let us all quickly die;
And after death, God is our judge, not they;
He will have mercy on us.

BERNARDO.

If indeed
It can be true, say so, dear sister mine;
And then the Pope will surely pardon you,
And all be well.

JUDGE.

Confess, or I will warp
Your limbs with such keen tortures. . .

BEATRICE.

Tortures! Turn
The rack henceforth into a spinning wheel!
Torture your dog, that he may tell when last
He lapped the blood his master shed. . .not me!
My pangs are of the mind, and of the heart,
And of the soul; aye, of the inmost soul,
Which weeps within tears as of burning gall
To see, in this ill world where none are true,
My kindred false to their deserted selves.
And with considering all the wretched life
Which I have lived, and its now wretched end,
And the small justice shewn by Heaven and Earth
To me or mine; and what a tyrant thou art,
And what slaves these; and what a world we make,
The oppressor and the oppressed. . . .such pangs compel
My answer. What is it thou wouldst with me?

JUDGE.

Art thou not guilty of thy father's death?

BEATRICE.

Or wilt thou rather tax high judging God
That he permitted such an act as that

Which I have suffered, and which he beheld;
Made it unutterable, and took from it
All refuge, all revenge, all consequence,
But that which thou hast called my father's death?
Which is or is not what men call a crime,
Which either I have done, or have not done;
Say what ye will. I shall deny no more.
If ye desire it thus, thus let it be,
And so an end of all. Now do your will;
No other pains shall force another word.

JUDGE.

She is convicted, but has not confessed.
Be it enough. Until their final sentence
Let none have converse with them. You, young Lord,
Linger not here!

BEATRICE.

O, tear him not away!

JUDGE.

Guards do your duty.

BERNARDO (*Embracing* BEATRICE).

Oh! would ye divide
Body from soul?

OFFICER.

That is the headsman's business.

(*Exeunt all but* LUCRETIA, BEATRICE *and* GIACOMO.)

GIACOMO.

Have I confessed? Is it all over now?
No hope! No refuge! O, weak, wicked tongue
Which hast destroyed me would that thou hadst been
Cut out and thrown to dogs first! To have killed
My father first, and then betrayed my sister;
Aye, thee! the one thing innocent and pure
In this black guilty world, to that which I
So well deserve! My wife! my little ones!
Destitute, helpless, and I . . . Father! God!
Canst thou forgive even the unforgiving,
When their full hearts break thus, thus! . .

(*Covers his face and weeps*)

LUCRETIA.

O, my child!
To what a dreadful end are we all come!
Why did I yield? Why did I not sustain
Those torments? Oh, that I were all dissolved
Into these fast and unavailing tears,
Which flow and feel not!

BEATRICE.

What 'twas weak to do,
'Tis weaker to lament, once being done;
Take cheer! The God who knew my wrong, and made
Our speedy act the angel of his wrath,

Seems, and but seems to have abandoned us.
Let us not think that we shall die for this.
Brother, sit near me; give me your firm hand,
You had a manly heart. Bear up! Bear up!
O, dearest Lady, put your gentle head
Upon my lap, and try to sleep awhile:
Your eyes look pale, hollow and overworn,
With heaviness of watching and slow grief.
Come, I will sing you some low, sleepy tune,
Not cheerful, nor yet sad; some dull old thing,
Some outworn and unused monotony,
Such as our country gossips sing and spin,
Till they almost forget they live: lie down!
So, that will do. Have I forgot the words?
Faith! They are sadder than I thought they were.

SONG.

False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
When my life is laid asleep?
Little cares for a smile or a tear,
The clay-cold corpse upon the bier!
Farewell! Heigho!
What is this whispers low?
There is a snake in thy smile, my dear;
And bitter poison within thy tear.

Sweet sleep, were death like to thee,
Or if thou couldst mortal be,

I would close these eyes of pain;
When to wake? Never again.
O, World! Farewell!
Listen to the passing bell!
It says, thou and I must part,
With a light and a heavy heart.

(*The scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.

A HALL OF THE PRISON. ENTER CAMILLO AND BERNARDO.

CAMILLO.

The Pope is stern; not to be moved or bent.
He looked as calm and keen as is the engine
Which tortures and which kills, exempt itself
From aught that it inflicts; a marble form,
A rite, a law, a custom: not a man.
He frowned, as if to frown had been the trick
Of his machinery, on the advocates
Presenting the defences, which he tore
And threw behind, muttering with hoarse, harsh voice:
"Which among ye defended their old father
"Killed in his sleep?" Then to another: "Thou
"Dost this in virtue of thy place; 'tis well."
He turned to me then, looking deprecation,
And said these three words, coldly: "They must die."

BERNARDO.

And yet you left him not?

CAMILLO.

I urged him still;
Pleading, as I could guess, the devilish wrong
Which prompted your unnatural parent's death.
And he replied: "Paolo Santa Croce
"Murdered his mother yester evening,
"And he is fled. Parricide grows so rife
"That soon, for some just cause no doubt, the young
"Will strangle us all, dozing in our chairs.
"Authority, and power, and hoary hair
"Are grown crimes capital. You are my nephew,
"You come to ask their pardon; stay a moment;
"Here is their sentence; never see me more
"Till, to the letter, it be all fulfilled."

BERNARDO.

O, God, not so! I did believe indeed
That all you said was but sad preparation
For happy news. O, there are words and looks
To bend the sternest purpose! Once I knew them,
Now I forget them at my dearest need.
What think you if I seek him out, and bathe
His feet and robe with hot and bitter tears?
Importune him with prayers, vexing his brain

With my perpetual cries, until in rage
He strike me with his pastoral cross, and trample
Upon my prostrate head, so that my blood
May stain the senseless dust on which he treads,
And remorse waken mercy? I will do it!
O, wait till I return! (*rushes out.*)

CAMILLO.

Alas! poor boy!
A wreck-devoted seaman thus might pray
To the deaf sea.

Enter LUCRETIA, BEATRICE *and* GIACOMO, *guarded.*

BEATRICE.

I hardly dare to fear
That thou bring'st other news than a just pardon.

CAMILLO.

May God in heaven be less inexorable
To the Pope's prayers, than he has been to mine.
Here is the sentence and the warrant.

BEATRICE (*wildly*).

Oh,
My God! Can it be possible I have
To die so suddenly? So young to go
Under the obsure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!
To be nailed down into a narrow place;

To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost—
How fearful! to be nothing! Or to be. . .
What? O, where am I? Let me not go mad!
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there
should be
No God, no Heaven, no Earth in the void world;
The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!
If all things then should be. . .my father's spirit,
His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me;
The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!
If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
Even the form which tortured me on earth,
Masked in grey hairs and wrinkles, he should come
And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
For was he not alone omnipotent
On Earth, and ever present? Even tho' dead,
Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,
And work for me and mine still the same ruin,
Scorn, pain, despair? Who ever yet returned
To teach the laws of death's untrodden realm?
Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now,
O, whither, whither?

LUCRETIA.

Trust in God's sweet love,

The tender promises of Christ: ere night,
Think we shall be in Paradise.

BEATRICE.

'Tis past!
Whatever comes my heart shall sink no more.
And yet, I know not why, your words strike chill:
How tedious, false and cold seem all things. I
Have met with much injustice in this world;
No difference has been made by God or man,
Or any power moulding my wretched lot,
'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.
I am cut off from the only world I know,
From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet prime.
You do well telling me to trust in God,
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold.

(*During the latter speeches* GIACOMO *has retired conversing with* CAMILLO, *who now goes out;* GIACOMO *advances.*)

GIACOMO.

Know you not, Mother . . . Sister, know you not?
Bernando even now is gone to implore
The Pope to grant our pardon.

LUCRETIA.

Child, perhaps

It will be granted. We may all then live
To make these woes a tale for distant years:
O, what a thought! It gushes to my heart
Like the warm blood.

BEATRICE.

Yet both will soon be cold.
O, trample out that thought! Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope:
It is the only ill which can find place
Upon the giddy, sharp and narrow hour
Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost
That it should spare the eldest flower of spring:
Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch
Even now a city stands, strong, fair and free;
Now stench and blackness yawn, like death. O, plead
With famine, or wind-walking Pestilence,
Blind lightening, or the deaf sea, not with man!
Cruel, cold, formal man; righteous in words,
In deeds a Cain. No, Mother, we must die:
Since such is the reward of innocent lives;
Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.
And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold men,
Smiling and slow, walk thro' a world of tears
To death as to life's sleep; 'twere just the grave
Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure Death,

And wind me in thine all-embracing arms!
Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,
And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.
Live ye, who live, subject to one another
As we were once, who now . . .

BERNANDO *rushes in.*

BERNARDO.

Oh, horrible!
That tears, that looks, that hope poured forth in prayer,
Even till the heart is vacant and despairs,
Should all be vain! The ministers of death
Are waiting round the doors. I thought I saw
Blood on the face of one . . . What if 'twere fancy?
Soon the heart's blood of all I love on earth
Will sprinkle him, and he will wipe it off
As if 'twere only rain. O, life! O, world!
Cover me! let me be no more! To see
That perfect mirror of pure innocence
Wherein I gazed, and grew happy and good,
Shivered to dust! To see thee, Beatrice,
Who made all lovely thou didst look upon . . .
Thee, light of life . . . dead, dark! while I say, sister,
To hear I have no sister; and thou, Mother,
Whose love was as a bond to all our loves . . .
Dead! The sweet bond broken!

Enter CAMILLO *and Guards.*

They come! Let me
Kiss those warm lips before their crimson leaves
Are blighted . . . white . . . cold. Say farewell, before
Death chokes that gentle voice! O, let me hear
You speak!

BEATRICE.

Farewell, my tender brother. Think
Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now:
And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,
But tears and patience. One thing more, my child,
For thine own sake be constant to the love
Thou bearest us; and to the faith that I,
Tho' wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame,
Lived ever holy and unstained. And tho'
Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name
Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow
For men to point at as they pass, do thou
Forbear, and never think a thought unkind
Of those, who perhaps love thee in their graves.
So mayest thou die as I do; fear and pain
Being subdued. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

BERNARDO.

I cannot say, farewell!

CAMILLO.

O, Lady Beatrice!

Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, Mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; aye, that does well.
And yours I see is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another; now
We shall not do it any more. My Lord,
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

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